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YOUNG.

The Nereids to my song reply!
With voice and shell to lift it high.

Engraved by J.B. Longacre

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXVI.

YOUNG, DODSLEY, MALLET, RAMSAY.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. XXVI.

POETICAL WORKS OF EDWARD YOUNG.

EPISTLES.

Page

To Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the age, ... 3
To Mr. Pope, from Oxford, ... 12
To the Right Hon. George Lord Lansdown, . . 20
To Mr. Addison, on the Tragedy of Cato, . . 37
To Joseph Addison, Esq. on the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of King George, ... ib.
To Mr. Tickell, occasioned by the death of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison, ... 43

ODES.

To the King, ... 48
Ocean, ... 52
Sea-Piece, ... 63
Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric, ... 72
The Foreign Address, written in the character of a Sailor, ... 111
Resignation: in two Parts, ... 121
The Old Man's Relapse, ... 173
The Instalment: To Sir Robert Walpole, . . 176

12918

Page
Verses occasioned by that famous piece of the Crucifixion, done by Michael Angelo, . . 182
Historical Epilogue to The Brothers, . . . 183
Epitaph on Lord Beauclerk, ... 185

SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

Life of Dodsley, ... 189
The Footman, ... 201
Pain and Patience, ... 204
To Riches, ... 209
The Cave of Pope, ... 213
Melpomene; or, The Regions of Terror and Pity, ... 215
Agriculture: in Three Cantos,
Canto I. 225
Canto II. 240
Canto III. 256

SELECT POEMS OF DAVID MALLET.

Life of Mallet, ... 277
William and Margaret, ... 283
Edwin and Emma, ... 286
The Excursion: in two Cantos
Canto I. 290
Canto II. 310
Epistle to Mr. Pope, on Verbal Criticism, . . 321

SONGS.

To a Scotch Tune, 'The Birks of Endermay,' 330

Page
To a Scotch tune, 'Mary Scot,' 330
An Ode in the Mask of Alfred, ... 331

SELECT POEMS OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

Life of Ramsay, ... 335
The Gentle Shepherd, a Scots Pastoral Comedy:
Dedication, ... 349
Act I. 353
Act II. 369
Act III. 385
Act IV. 404
Act V. 421
Glossary, ... 439

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD YOUNG:

WITH A

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

WHILST you at Twick'nam plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
  O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals: my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:
I've heard myself to death; and, plagued each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?——
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stained thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys:
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes.
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise;
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk;
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite:
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer's made:

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
Hail fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, because 'tis wet:
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound?
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:

He writes, in inspiration puts his trust, [just:
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them
Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, since blank paper is denied the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess;
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.
So sounds spontaneous from the sybil broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations star'd at what none understood.
Clodio dress'd, dane'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, 'Awake! exist! and strive
For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!'
As oft I overheard the demon say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way, [plies,
'I'll meet thee, youth! at White's.' The youth re-
'I'll meet thee there;' and falls his sacrifice:
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare.
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all but life they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake?
Such writers have we! all but sense they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street,
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps, who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.
Will they persist? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
See them confin'd.—'O, that's already done.'
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men;
'*Est Ulubris*,' they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction not from reason, but from smart.
A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.
In vain advertisements the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say 'the work is dead.'
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.
A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, 'Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
Your power is fix'd, your fame through time convey'd,
And Britain Europe's queen—If I am paid.'
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
'Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
What man can pay for this?'—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more:
Thus distant bugbears fright; but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can those oblige whose heads and hearts are such?
No: every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place,
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
A state-Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout;
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!
With golden forceps these another takes,
And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.
The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.
Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
From the same hand how various is the page?
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!
How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern Wit?
Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash the swine obscene,
Invites the Town to sup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful lion now he roars at pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those five-fold monsters modern authors make.
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
Ye grovelling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!

Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, curs'd
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.
  What if the figure should in fact prove true?
It did in Elkanah,* why not in you?
Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapplied;
So liv'd your prototype, and so he died.
  The abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd, forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity and sense.
  From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:

* Elkanah Settle, the city poet.

These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays; [dull,
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
Thanking a villain for his probity;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceless reynard listens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet sounds, the o'erloaded state
Discharges all her poor and profligate,
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field:
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choose eternity or ease?
Has not a royal patron* wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?

* King George the First's benefaction for modern languages.

Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
  Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to write and live;
Serious should be an author's final views:
Who write for pure amusement ne'er amuse.
  An author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?
Unbless'd with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
  Ye restless men! who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go then, consult the laurell'd shade.
What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envied genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
And in one point is all true wisdom cast;
To think that early, we must think at last.
  Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;

And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.
Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind:
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man:
The good will surely serve him if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their interest and their pride;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and atheists in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame;
True, these are fools: but wise men say the same.
Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;

When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear:
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made:
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power, but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take the great prerogative:
But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame.

Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fain'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught,
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write and re-write, blot out and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pesagus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek:
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuse no fault: though beautiful 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness: Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done;
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.
He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest;
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare:

The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
  Nor frequent write, though you can do it well;
Men may too oft, though not too much excel;
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well; what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
  Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles; and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.
  Let satire less engage you than applause;
It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend.
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt;
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.
  If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
  Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone should give offence;
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:

Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd humour? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.
Can others write like you? your task give o'er;
'Tis printing what was published long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life:
When most unsought such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherished by the wise;
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream.
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;
Clear be the style, the very sound of force;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.

Let nature art, and judgment wit exceed;
O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your creed;
Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreaux;*
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines.
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers rise to worthy men.

'Who's this with nonsense nonsense would re-[strain?
Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
Who damns our trash with so much trash replete?
As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?'

Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge examens overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame must wither, and the true will grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

* Mons. Boileau Despreaux.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign!
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills when sons of Dulness write.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

When Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts and throng'd his palace-gate,
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muses' friend is pleas'd the Muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the Western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell Discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,
Nor Heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.
In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste:
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring:
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.
But now, (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in council, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell;
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.
No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name:
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly [flows,
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;

All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
  The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.
  Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him less regret his darling son:
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.
  To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main;
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis, Thames; the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;

Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of
And former injuries endearments prove. [love,
What Briton but must prize the' illustrious sword
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow;)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who, with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Meanwhile the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer, of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
  Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;

Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.
Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone.
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
The' Almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss,
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
Conquests, whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day;
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell,
Then deep into eternity retire;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What further passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:

On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their blood
Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.
But, O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford,
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield;
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave Great Raphael but the second place;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last,
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled:
For Janus shut her Iŏ Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks;
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scenes his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours which, in man's despite,
Possess him with a passion for the right!

With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?
  Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.
  How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal,
Till throughly by the muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.

How can they cool to villains! how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
To govern and control the world of wit
As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance:
There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
  Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread:
Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse the' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow;
They sigh; we weep; the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.

What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love;
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakspeare but wrote the play the' Almighty made:
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays;
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise:
On nature's surer aid Britannia calls;
None think of Shakspeare till the curtain falls;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own;
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with a want of flame;
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.
And yet in Shakspeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all human kind;
He made one nature, and another found;
Both in his page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile.

Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot,* too, he conquer'd France.
  Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendants; Shakspeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name. [smile,
Should Shakspeare rise, unbless'd with Talbot's
Ev'n Shakspeare's self would curse this barren isle:
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.
  Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.
  Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you the muse's glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise.
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;
But censure's self will please, my lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,

* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakspeare.

Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded when best understood?
The Muses write for glory, not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the muse deserves;
The muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me further still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue,
Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll choose
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name
Without a spark of his immortal flame:
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we choose to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and the' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your (mien;
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze,
In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please,

You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lies beyond the limits of the day;
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
  You take delight in others' excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone,
You wish not those who show your name respect,
So little worth as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know,
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe:
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.
  You wish your country's good; that told, so well
Your powers are known the' event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd only said—he fought.
  When you, my Lord, to silvan scenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought;
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You choose companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.
  Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.

In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you.
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shore the hero spied
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.
  He knows not half his being who's confin'd
In converse, and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.
  When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand?
Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand.*
  Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is—that you must die.

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled, Heroic Love.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir,
Further than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.
Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends, indeed—good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;

Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course.*
  Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd,
The pliant branches dance in every wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the north disdains.
How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain.
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but, ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.
  With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.
'Twas past: his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

* His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.*
His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll;
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—'Support me.'—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear!
Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show'rs
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
To make the muse immortal you was born.
Sing: and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

* The Author here bewails that most ingenuous gentleman Mr. William Harmous, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

TO MR. ADDISON.

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more;
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
'Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.'
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines, with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds, in distant nations wrought,
And virtues, by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame.
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought and Cato bled for you.

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in the year 1714.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, AND THE ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

—Gaudia curis. HOR.

Sir! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.
Know, Sir! the great esteem and honour due
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing!—but, ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice,
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won:

Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.
  Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
Thy Queen and thy good fortune are the same.
  Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's pray'r.
  How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join their wings, a shelter o'er her head.
  Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise?—
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
Who dried the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes tried;
A second time our tender parents died!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown:

His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When Time shall ask where once Ramilia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away?
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.
  But, ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Her random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
  August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.
  Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!
  So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glittering ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock the' inexorable tomb;

Why, then, this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow?
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress;
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown;
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
  Welcome, great stranger! to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame!
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
  Nor think, great Sir! now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:

They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.
All share; but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder, then, her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown's impatient to enclose thy head;
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell,
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

TO MR. TICKELL,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF THE RT. HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter abillo. VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;

Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inspire,
And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.
  Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
'See, see,' she cried, 'old Maro's muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.'
  The State, when now his rising fame was known,
The' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour,
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
  Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
  Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:

This Somers* knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.
  Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervors rivall'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.
  Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought:
Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.
  He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court;
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit,
O Warwick! (whom the muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
  On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shows the' abundance of her purple rays.

* Lord Somers enabled Addison to prosecute his travels.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.
When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.
What he has sung, how early and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
(Since such his talents) that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of power the' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, then curbing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint the' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
'How could a mortal essence think so well?'
But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:

In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend?
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.
  In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou further shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.
  But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
The' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown!
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

ODES.

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA SERVICE.

'I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.'——Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.

TO THE KING.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean ocean's King.

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd,
Its stream divinely clear and strong;
In sense and sound
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The North can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

My lays I file
With cautious toil:
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat:
At every stroke the work refines!

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom:
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance.

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore;
We make at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life we live:
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his with whom my lay begun?
'Justice sincere,
And Courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

'How form'd for sway!
Who look, obey;
They read the monarch in his port:
Their love and awe
Supply the law,
And his own lustre makes the court!'

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant shines? and shines alone.
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun: 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth and state,
And power and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. xcviii.

Sweet rural scene
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All Nature still
But yonder rill,
And listening pines nod o'er my head.

In prospect wide
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar,
Without a breeze
The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force!
Vast field of commerce and big war;
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car!

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aspire?—
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet:
The main! the main!
Be Britain's strain;
As tritons strong, as sirens sweet.

Through Nature wide
Is nought descried
So rich in pleasure or surprise;
When all serene,
How sweet the scene!
How dreadful when the billows rise!

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which erewhile Britannia, fair,
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air!

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas!
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And every canvass courts the breeze!

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now centre-deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave!

Now spins around
In whirls profound;
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
Now stunn'd, it reels,
Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And bends, once more, the seas and skies:
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave lies.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling strait, the monster's shock.

Let others fear:
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of the' invaded main!

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the watry roof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strains;
'Ah! cruel thirst of gold,' he cries;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

Thou watry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

Gold pleasure buys:
But pleasure dies;
Too soon the gross fruition cloys;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecarious, endless bliss!

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main;
Which towering rose,
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign!

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To re-inflame a grand design!
That voice shall rear
Yon fabric fair,*
As Nature's rose at the divine.

When Nature sprung,
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

From boisterous seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our wounded and our old:
High domes ascend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

* A new fund for Greenwich Hospital, recommended from the throne.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails:
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl
They fire the soul
Of listening youth to martial rage.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask forever in success:
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

Ye warlike! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watry winding-sheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.*

What powerful charm
Can Death disarm;
Your long, your iron slumbers break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake! awake!

* Written soon after King George the First's accession.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your watry realms should ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo their's and Britain's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heaven bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud:

Now big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO M. VOLTAIRE.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here denied;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in ancient days,*
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize,—the glory thine;
Thine is the drama, how renown'd!
Thine epic's loftier trump to sound;——
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine,

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou where?—
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song! Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescued from the grave.

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

'Tell me,' say'st thou, 'who courts my smile?
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?'—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong:
Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-flush'd Success, and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:
Oh, friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last; Eternal loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevail'd: we stand on higher ground:
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardours new our spirits flame;
Ambition bless'd! with more than laurels crown'd.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke;
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition springs:
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvass-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again; the labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threatening rise;
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will, [Pow'rs!
When thrones unjust wake vengeance. Know, ye
In sudden night, and pondrous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

In her grand council* she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they blaze!
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
While all-serene and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

* House of Lords.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd decks [behind.
Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the continent!

From the dread front of ancient War
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky, [flame.
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat;
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin; and first take rapid flight,*
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead:
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords. O Power Divine!
If bless'd by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
In deathless annals! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!——
'Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
Now war's important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is Wisdom and how weak is Might!

'Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
A wrath more formidable far
Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

'From out the deep to thee we cry,
To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
To thee for succour we resort;
Thy favour is our only port;
Our only rock of safety thy defence.

'O Thou! to whom the lions roar,
And not unheard thy boon implore!
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
Thou can'st arrest the flying ball,
Or send it back, and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

'Britain in vain extends her care
To climes remote* for aids in war;
Still further must it stretch to crush the foe:
There's one alliance, one alone,
Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
And that alliance is not found below.

'Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
We learn obedience from the sea;
With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
To rouse or hush the martial storm,
And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

''Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown;
'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from Death to free,
To turn aside his levell'd dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

'Thou! who hast taught the north to roar,
And streaming lights† nocturnal pour,
Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade;
Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze,
And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

'The right alone is bold and strong:
Black hovering clouds appal the wrong
With dread of vengeance. Nature's awful Sire!
Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,
Where is Puissance and Renown?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

* Russia. † Aurora Borealis.

'Let George the just chastise the vain.
Thou! who dost curb the rebel main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

'And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition, tam'd by loss of blood,
Regains her reason; then, on angel's wings,
Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of Kings.'

IMPERIUM PELAGI:

A NAVAL LYRIC.

WRITTEN IN

IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN FROM HANOVER, SEPT. 1729, AND THE SUCCEEDING PEACE, COMMONLY CALLED, 'THE TREATY OF SEVILLE.'

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas alluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.
Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu. HOR.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion

of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole, and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so un-pindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered

as a separate ode, if you please; and if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined: if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

PRELUDE.

THE proposition. An address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is Sloth its greatest enemy Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression. Which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring king's just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy: what true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. his glory navally represented.

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

THE most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

THE CLOSE.

THIS subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by all.

CHORUS.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλα τειαι παντοθεν λογιοι-
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
νασον ευκλεα ταν-
δε κοσμειν PIND. Nem. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye Winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding Billows! cease to roar:
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
This kingdom from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd Isle! no less,
By nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years;
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

Away, my soul! salute the Pine,*
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the Godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise——
The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound:
I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train!
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise!
Of genuine title to the skies;
Ye founts of Learning! and ye mints of Fame!
You who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

* The vessel in which the King came over.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The generous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN I.

'Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!'
What shining forms surround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee. To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance!
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

'Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
New glories kindle round his throne.
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of fate,
And now am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty Months in pomps proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun!—O thou divine,
Bless'd Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee mast, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

What cannot Industry complete ?
When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:
'Fell all your groves,' a flamen cries:*
As soon they fall, as soon they rise:
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indulgence ? 'tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being: all devours.
A full exertion of our pow'rs,
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?—
Recal her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
And ever shall she flourish here:
What though she languish'd? 'twas but fear;
She's sound of heart; her constitution's strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor; push from shore;
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And see! she's rous'd; absolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

* L. Florus.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone [fame!
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea;
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally, [more?
With climes paid down. What can the gods do

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet,
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season bending on thy shores?

All these one British harvest make!
The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown:
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow, then, my breast! abound, my store!
This, and this boldly I implore:
Their want and apathy let stoics boast;
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow soul'd or the profuse:
The truly great find morals in the mine.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learn'd the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich: stores starve us, or they cloy;
From gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still,
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end;
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines when others' joys are done;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No sordid son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations, commerce and increase.

How various nature! turgid grain,
Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
There worms weaves silken webs; here glowing [vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun:
Beneath the soil their harvests run,
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

What's various nature? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine:
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And interest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wondering foreigner confound:
How stands the deep-aw'd Continent aghast,
As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast!

The' unwieldy tun! the pondrous bale!
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot! our throng'd exchange;
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone; all nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvass calls;
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god,
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe, or crowns inflame?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs:
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away:
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly call,
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view!
Go, look your whole existence through,
Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
For so the gods: but as the gains,
How great the toil! 'twill cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine:
Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine: [smile,
By thee trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, arts flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

Commerce gives arts as well as gain,
By commerce wafted o'er the main,
Thy barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple-realm that awes the continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants princes! every deck a throne!

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
Her stable column Ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
By both obey'd; the Syrian sings;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian arms,

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot: extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast,
Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! nature's care!
The strength of ocean! head of plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—but she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land, one altar! a whole people, slain!

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
The sable Hour is coming down:
She's on her march from yon almighty throne:
The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

For, oh! her sins, as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood:
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sink! her mighty bow!
Is it for this, the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
Is it for this, her great ones toss the brow?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The spurious lord it o'er the land,
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests, in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
What public boasts! what private views!
What desert temples! crowded stews!
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas! there is who sees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

He sees, and thunders!—Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain her high presumptuous air,
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her ivory deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone;
Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,
In her first dawn'd the British right;
All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet:
What though she longer warr'd than Troy;
At length her foes that isle destroy
Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
Their awful brows: 'O foul mistake!
O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is she
Who said—With my own art and arm
In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

'This, this is she who meanly soar'd:
Alas! how low to be ador'd,
And style herself a god!—Through stormy wars
This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
High-fed her young with human gore,
And would have built her nest among the stars.

'But, ah, frail man! how impotent
To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
Shall island-kings with him contend,
Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

'Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,
When from the brazen mountain's brow
The God of battles takes his mighty bow:
Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
Puts on his vesture dipp'd in blood,
And marches out to scourge the world below.

'Ah wretched isle! once call'd *the great!*
Ah wretched isle! and wise too late!
The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
And freedom lost, the realms deride,
Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

'To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
'Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates:
How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
Wide waste, and night and horror frown,
Where empire flam'd in gold and balanc'd states.'

STRAIN III.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes solicit down!
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.
What is large property?—the sign of good,
Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth and freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the continent,
Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot!
'Tis property supports pursuit:
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
She makes the blood and spirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave,
In Theban song. O muse! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine.
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of every coast:
A speck of land; but let her boast
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh
He passes her strong guards, the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves:
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshall'd train!
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn:
For her Orion's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the last volume's closing star:
Decipher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand;
Not such the sea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt;
The camel low, small elephant;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan! whom nature's strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of life!
He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

The' Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian, roar;
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap:
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
'The seas are ours,'—the monarchs said—
The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations, clap.

Whence is a rival then to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but, O! what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide!——
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her high and mighty to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low:
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old time is poor; what age boasts such a sight?
Ye drones! adore the man divine—
No virtue, still, as mean, decline;
Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

He too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
That merchant sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave.
The king left much, the merchant buried more.*

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs merchants vie:
If great to spend, what to supply? [down.
Priests pay for blessings, merchants pour them

Kings merchants are, in league and love:
Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
Planets are merchants, take, return
Lustre and heat; by traffic burn.
The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of letter'd fame,
Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of scene,
Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

Trade, arts mechanic, nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The sites, tongues, interests, of the ball;
Who studies trade, he studies all:
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

How shall I further rouse the soul!
How sloth's lascivious reign control
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words and unexhausted thought?

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own,
Thy spirit pour, like vernal show'rs;
My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
While Britains trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light:
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain, a comet or a star,
In commerce this, or that in war;
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies, resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the throne* a voice through time re- [nown'd.

So fall from Heaven the vernal show'rs,
To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs:
The bloom called forth, see azure skies display'd:
The bird of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious bees ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

* The King's Speech, Jan. 29, 1730.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain; her life's an isle indeed,
A spot too small to be o'ercome:
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all:
Trade's all herself: her's, her's the ball:
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar: behold it rise
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth should groan
Beneath your load;* created, sure, not made!
Servant and rival of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise;
What hand immortal raised thee?—humble Trade.

* St. Paul's, built by the produce of a coal-tax.

Where hadst thou been if, left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
Had caught at Pleasure on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom:
Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust
Which, passing numerous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Her's every sun: and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts even freedom's glorious cause:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heaven's smile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree;
Pleasure enjoy'd the tumult of an hour.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole,
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the main,
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join, then, religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle! proud war decline,
Trade patronize! What glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could'st subdue, mankind!

Rich commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night; the stars are thine:
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain and to bestow:
While ages last! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won:
This Edgar great bequeath'd: this Edward bold.
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heaven to frame,
That womb of gold and gem:* her wide domain
An universe! her rivers, seas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heaven's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal sire:
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? why despair?
New worlds are due to such a godlike sire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear:
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
Full be thy fame as swelling sails;
Constant, as tides, thy mind; as masts, elate;
Thy justice an unerring helm,
To steer Britannia's fickle realm:
Thy numerous race, sure anchor of her state.

STRAIN V.

Britannia's state what bounds confine!
(O rising thought! O golden mine!)
Mountains, alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
She sallies till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

* Vid. Description of America.

Small isle! for Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon.
For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind,
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable shone:
They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

Here no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truths illustrious: as I sing,
O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the planets round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair printed page) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror show the adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main;
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovel* of a former age.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
How smiles Arion's† friend with partial beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

* Sir Cloudesley Shovel. † The Dolphin.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the Balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair?
But, oh! you practise shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize other's hearts.
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam:
Pale queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—'O'er the main
To share her empire is thy pride.'
He, mighty Power! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
Britannia's centre, and your bound!
Austrian! where'er leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
Where'er the ripening sun can shine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill not so kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
Who rescued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh that in time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to save.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain!
Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
As one rejected, what if one subdue?

What naval scene* adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r?
The nations know, in glowing balls,
On sinking thrones, the tempest falls,
When our august, assembled senates low'r.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expense of blood,
Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly.
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Nay, her's the sword; for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to distant Kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To furthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outsides, and loath or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human welfare and renown
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people, sell; one half on t'other feed.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument;
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines:
O'er generous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide!
Thy numerous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhaust both India's mines.
Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
Ungrateful song! her growth* inspires thy lines.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming seas,
Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might;
Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
The various streams of trade command!
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful power the world would brave,
Bold War, and empire proud, his slave,
Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And power from wealth: of power is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

* Coffee.

Then perish war—detested war!
Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore, too, as divine,
Wide wasting storms before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For peace, with laurel every mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

Sacred are ships, of birth divine;
An angel drew the first design;
With which the patriarch* nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew.
The gods made human race; a pilot sav'd.

How sacred, too, the merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame,† [law:
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
The march of stars, the births of climes:
Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and sea.
Theirs are the seasons, months, and years,
And each a different garland wears:—
O that my song could add eternity!

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up and read her story in the skies.*

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye billows! flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

MORAL.

Britain! thus bless'd, thy blessing know,
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
They most have lost who most possess;
Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious while heav'n-born freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

Thee, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
And send thy flag triumphant down,
The tide of time to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme;
Why, then, unsung? my simple aim
To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
Not sport imaginations vain;
But list with yon ethereal train*
The shining Muse, to serve the public good.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
The springs are open'd in my lays:†
Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew,
Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
As far surpass'd as useful cares
Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong;
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
That would to glowing Ætna rise,
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart:
In life or song how rare the true sublime!

* The stars.

† ——Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
VIRG.

None British-born will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
(How vain the muse!) the lay may last,
Thus twin'd around the British mast,
The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And smiles at wind and storms unbroke;
By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain,
And lives and echoes through the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grovelling sons of Verse,
Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
And fool the Muse with impotent desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
Britain to Heaven, from Heaven descends my song.

THE

FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

M.DCC.XXXIV.

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum. HOR.

Ye guardian gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, monarchs great and wise!
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands, I flew your ear to claim;
Yours is the sun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep; my Muse surveys
A fleet whose empire o'er the wave
Your grant Time strengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

Ye great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the sword,
Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
Arise, ye boast of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious sears,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

'Tis done: and see! sweet Clio brings
From Heav'n her deep resounding strings;
Clio! the god* which gave thy eharming shell,
Demands its most exalted strain
To sing the sovereign of the main:
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell!

Such wonders as may pass for sport
Or vision in a southern eourt:
But, mighty thrones! those truths whieh make me glow
Your fathers saw, your sons shall see;
Then quit your infidelity;
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

Believe me, kings! at Britain's nod,
From eaeh enehanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks stalk down the' unshaded mountain's side;
The lofty pines assume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
And tread and triumph on the wondering tide.

* Neptune.

She nods again: the labouring earth
Discloses a stupendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will:
Ye nations! know; know, all ye sceptred Pow'rs!
In sulphurous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

Bold is the style when hearts are bold:
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language sound
Than that which through black ether rolls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has [frown'd.

In peace she sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
But give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
The boisterous winds in azure chambers sleep.

This, this, my monarchs! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here war's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
You sport in arms! how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the continent!

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair,
My patrons! what a burst was there!
The strong-ribb'd barks at once disploding fly!
Insatiate death! compendious fate!
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
One moment's guilt, a thousand heroes die.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obsequies!) the sable wave
Involves in endless night. Ye graveless dead!
Where are your conquests? now you rove
Pale, pensive, through the coral grove,
Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
In sea-weed wrapt. Alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind!

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
Shut up in triple brass and more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst explain,
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

See! yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur flame, and crucible:
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire?
O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
O wondrous power of accident!
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
The skill by which destruction swiftly runs,
And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons.

In frown and force old war must yield:
The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the castled elephant, were tame;
Tame to rang'd ordinance, which denies,
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, and ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

Or do I dream or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy cave
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin: and, first, take winged flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
And trembling Terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans and death; one phial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

Yet, Peace celestial! may thy charms
Still fire our breasts, though clad in arms:
If scenes of blood avenging fates decree,
For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
For thee charge o'er the' embattled field,
Or plunge through seas, through crimson seas, for thee.

Ev'n now for peace the gods are press'd;
We woo the nations to be bless'd;
For peace, victorious kings! we call to you:
For peace on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Through trackless air, and desert skies, I flew.

My former lays,* of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late obstructed ear,
And wake attention to more mild address.

Have I not heard you both declare,
Your hearts detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose?
Hail, then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal through time renown'd,
Through Europe bless'd, with joy her heart o'er-
[flows.
Your friend, your brother of the North,
To meet your arms comes smiling forth,
And leads soft-handed Peace: how powerful he!
His numerous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant sight!
Endless beam on into eternity.

What long allies!—the virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain:
See how their charms in lineal lustre shine!
Through every genuine branch the sire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

How fair the field! ye' Aönian bees†
The flowers ambrosial fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
That gods may lean from heaven to hear,
And my thron'd patron's ravish'd ear
The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

* The foregoing stanzas. † Poets.

Ev'n mine they taste, and with success:
Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No frenzy, taking friends for foes:
The pulse subsides; they seek repose;
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain
I swear the rumour'd war is vain:
Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease?
I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
I swear by great Eliza's shade,
The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old
Not all infallible foretold)
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons! an Augustus reigns;
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

O, could I sing as you have fought,
I'd raise a monument of thought
Bright as the sun!—How you burn at my heart!
How the drums all around
Soul-rising resound!
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the swords flame on high!
How the cannon's deep knell
Fates of kingdoms foretel!
How to battle, to battle, our brave fathers part,
How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart!

But who gives conquest? He whose ray
To darkness turns the blaze of day;

Whose boundless favour far outflows the main;
Whose power the raging waves can still,
  And curb more rebel human will.—
With peace, O bless us! or in war sustain.

  Dost thou sustain?—Ye twinkling fry!
  That swim the seas, glide gently by;
Though your scales glitter, though your numbers swarm,
  Ah! gently glide, for life's dear sake,
  Nor dare leviathan awake,
Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

  And now, who censures this address?
  Thus crowns, states, common men, make peace;
They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy;
  And when rank Interest has prevail'd,
  And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.

  Ambassadors! ye mouths of kings!
  Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
What tho' the Muse your province proudly chose?
  'Tis a reprisal fairly made;
  Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect poets! in the vale of prose.

  More safe, O Muse; that humble vale,
  Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
Thy dangerous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
  Dulness and frenzy curse thy streams,
  Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

  While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
  Or tented fields, or dusty plains,

The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground;
  'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
  That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows through the seas' profound.

  Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
  When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
  Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
  In Fancy's robe, her flowery vest
Dip'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

  But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
  Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The refluent raptures from my bosom roll;
  To Heaven returns the sacred maid,
  And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

  My vocal shell! which Thetis form'd
  Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
  And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
  Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd;
My shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu; pacific lyre! my laurell'd thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your sailor's song: I sing, I live for
  you.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. BOSCAWEN.*

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.

Psalm lxiii. 6.

PART I.

The days how few, how short the years,
  Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
  A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
  Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
  Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
  With fears alarm'd: and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
  This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin?
  Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes,
  And am I writing still?

* The widow of Admiral Boscawen.

Conscious of Nature in decline,
  And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
  Its rigour on my faults.

Permit me, madam! ere to you
  The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmity,
  Sad sister of Decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
  Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
  Too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
  His second world to see;
My second world, though gay the scene,
  Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
  With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
  Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them died my joys: the grave
  Has broken nature's laws,
And clos'd against this feeble frame
  Its partial, cruel jaws:

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
  A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
  And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
  Say, long abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
  What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
  And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
  By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
  Which dazzle or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
  Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
  Can best appease our pain,
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
  Gay folly's flood restrain;

Amidst the storms of life support
  A calm unshaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
  The brow of the resign'd.

O Resignation! yet unsung,
  Untouch'd by former strains,
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
  And every poet's pains:

Beneath life's evening solemn shade
  I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
  Thou sole support of age!

All other duties crescents are
  Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious consummation thou!
  Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
  In evils to discern:
This the first lesson which we want,
  The latest which we learn:

A melancholy truth! for know,
  Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
  'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
  Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
  The bursting tear to fall.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
  Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dangerous sea!
  What throngs have sunk before!

How proud the poet's billows swell!
  The god! the god! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
  Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I? shall I presume,
  On such a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
  And, in my winter, sing?

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
  Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
  Content to warble young.

Yet write I must; a lady* sues;
  How shameful her request!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
  Her's teeming with the best:

But you a stranger will excuse,
  Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
  No stranger to your pain.

* Mrs. Montague.

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
  His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
  By those he sees in you:

Too well he knows the twisted strings
  Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
  How hard to be resign'd!

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed;
  The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
  His heart at your's to melt.

But what can heart or head suggest?
  What sad Experience say?
Through truths austere to peace we work
  One rugged, gloomy way.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
  Who know not needs must mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
  Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
  Impenetrable shield,
When sent by Fate, we meet our foes
  In sore affliction's field:

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
  Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
  Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
  From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
  Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
  From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
  In amaranthine bowers:

Whence throngs, in ecstacy, look down
  On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
  For ages of delight.

All withers here; who most possess
  Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof that, bad at best,
  Life's idle all is vain:

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream;
  Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
  Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel Fate,
  Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
  Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
  His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
  Like him we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
  A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
  The total up—despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
  Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
  Its strokes severe most kind.

But in laps'd Nature rooted deep,
  Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands, in the dark,
  Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
  Our pleasures overprize;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
  Those urge us to be wise.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
  By Pleasure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
  Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet, whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
  If folly is withstood,
And says, time pays an easy price
  For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
  And in delusion great,
What an economist is man!
  To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity!
  For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
  As feathers he should scorn.

Say not your loss in triumph leads
  Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
  Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
  It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
  Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
  Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
  They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
  Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
  From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
  If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
  Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,
  Self-sever'd, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
  Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
  Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of Fortune's smiles,
  You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
  This course it has pursued,
'Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
  Of sound important good.'

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
  By strong and endless ties,
And every sorrow cuts a string,
  And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
  I'm studious of your peace;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
  Yes, joy of his decease.

An hour shall come (you question this)
  An hour when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
  Dark days of your distress.

Hear, then, without surprise, a truth,
  A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of Fortune often tie
  A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?
  My sacred motto read;
A glorious truth, divinely sung
  By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew;
  In her a friend he found;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
  When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
  But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
  Our sabbaths are but few.

To real joy we work our way,
  Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
  A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
  Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
  True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defied the flames
  By stings of life unvex'd;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
  Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
  The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
  True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
  Or through time's records run,
And say, what is a man unstruck?
  It is a man undone.

This moment am I deeply stung——
  My bold pretence is tried;
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
  The vauntings of his pride.

Now need I, madam! your support—
  How exquisite the smart!
How critically tim'd the news*
  Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke I feel:
  If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bless the blow,
  And triumph whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdued
  Be reason's empire shown;
Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
  Continues by our own;

And when continued past its point,
  Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
  Currupts into a crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,
  Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
  The subject of my song.

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,
  Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
  It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
  And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
  And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend!—and sigh no more!
  'Tis prudent, but severe:
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
  All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
  I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
  Had he been still alive;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
  In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
  And beautified a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs
  Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
  In bosoms of the fair.

Nature, which favours to the few
  All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
  The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
  His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
  In throbbings of distress.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unbless'd
  With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love sometimes, mistaken Love!
  Plays Disaffection's part.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
  Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
  Though transports are denied.

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
  Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe,
  Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
  Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
  In part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what?
  Your, now, paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
  It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
  But those, I trust, of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
  And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
  Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
  From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek?
  Fan, then, his martial fire;
And animate to flame the sparks
  Bequeath'd him by his sire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
  Wise Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
  And flourish on his brow.

Nor, madam! be surpris'd to hear,
  That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
  (Proud boasters!) than to you.

Tender as is the female frame,
  Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
  Superior battles born.

Beneath a banner nobler far
  Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
  High-wav'd o'er all the world;

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
  An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
  On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
  Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
  When those we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon,
  Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though costing dear,
  You'll think it cheaply bought.

The passive hero, who sits down
  Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
  Out-acts a Cæsar's toil.

The billow stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
  Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
  More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
  From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
  Soft whispers of applause.

The dear deceas'd, so fam'd in arms,
  With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
  Thus conquer'd, twice, by you!

Share his delight; take heed to shun
  Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
  Reluctance to be pleas'd.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
  And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
  And stamp it with disgrace.

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
  Thou second-born of hell!
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
  How dar'st thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
  And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
  By Perseverance brought.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
  From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
  Are radiant marks of man;

They cast a sudden glory round
  The' illumin'd human race;
And light, in sons of honest joy,
  Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
  Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
  Than anguish of the mind.

Resign; and all the load of life
  That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares,
  Devolve on One above;

Who bids us lay our burden down
  On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
  To blessing a command.

For joy what cause! how every sense
  Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
  The growth of endless love!

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
  Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
  Their prospect at the sun:

From that, their final point of view,
  From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
  Sets out the nobler soul.

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
  And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
  And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
  Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
  Imagine nothing done.

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
  Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
  Amongst their darkest deeds.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
  God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
  To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
  To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
  Repents his crime too late.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
  Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
  Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?—
  Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
  Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

Now, and through periods distant far,
  Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travail been;
  Its birth the good of man.

Man holds in constant service bound
  The blustering winds and seas;
Nor sons disdain to travel hard,
  Their master, man, to please.

To final good the worst events
  Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
  As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
  Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong,
  That Heav'n in man delights.

What's known to man of things unseen,
  Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
  Sublime affairs relates.

What's revelation then? a list,
  An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
  Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
  To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight?—Our joy is felt
  Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in Heav'n new Heav'n create,
  And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
  How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones,
  To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join
  Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
  Of Heaven's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
  A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
  His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
  Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that it swallows up whate'er
  Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
  Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate Love! the list how large
  Of blessings from thy hand?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
  Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
  Of bliss shall we complain?
The man who dares to be a wretch,
  Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
  The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
  Who sweetly plans the whole.

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
  Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
  Their nature our relief:

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
  And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
  Content the style below.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
  Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
  More precious we pursue.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
  The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
  Which daily swells the sum.

'But how to smile, to stem the tide
  Of nature in our veins;
Is it not hard to weep in joy?
  What then to smile in pains?'

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
  And struggles through a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
  And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,
  A sex by nature bold,
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
  Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress
  And check the rising sigh?
Yet further opiate to your pain
  I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
  Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
  To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
  Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
  The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
  With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
  Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
  Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
  Assumes a female air.

A friend you have,* and I the same,
  Whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
  Which died in your distress.

That friend, the spirit of my theme
  Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
  Too common, such as these.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
  Of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
  Embitters death, and hazards Heav'n.

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
  'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
  Despotic Body reigns.

Have you ne'er pitied Joy's gay scenes,
  And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
  And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
  But sorrow well subdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defied
  By meek, unborrow'd good:

By Resignation; all in that
  A double friend may find,
A wing to Heaven, and, while on earth,
  The pillow of mankind.

* The celebrated Mrs. Montague.

On pillows void of down, for rest
  Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of Heav'n lie warm at heart,
  Our hearts repose in peace.

That peace, which resignation yields,
  Who feel alone can guess;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murmuring minds;
  They must conclude it less.

The loss or gain of that alone
  Have we to hope or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
  The seasons of the year.

O! the dark days, the year around,
  Of an impatient mind;
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
  To shine on the resign'd.

While man, by that, of every grace
  And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
  In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat
  The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
  Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
  O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
  Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
  Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
  And light me to my theme?

A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
  The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
  Are set in bright array.

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
  His boasted laurels die;
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
  To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
  In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
  Nor could the learn'd unfold.

But as those ladies'* works I read,
  They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
  And shone in open day.

So burst full ripe distended fruits,
  When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
  Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
  Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
  Of Wisdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
  Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
  which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
  Man's folly dreadful shone;
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
  Turn'd instantly to stone.

* Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
  Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
  But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
  That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
  To Britain's daughters free.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
  The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
  A fall of fame in man.

And since of genius in our sex,
  O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
  This sister lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
  On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light and languid pow'rs
  I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

But what in either sex, beyond
  All parts, our glory crowns!
'In ruffling seasons to be calm,
  And smile when Fortune frowns.'

Heaven's choice is safer than our own:
  Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
  'To have our own desire.'

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
  You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
  Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
  Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish:
  Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
  Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
  Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
  Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable Ill's
  Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,
  Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;
  We trespass on the skies.

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
  Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will
  In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
  Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
  Is done—as we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
  Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
  This, the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of pagan song
  My sacred subject shines,
And for a foil the lustre takes
  Of Rome's exalted lines.

'All that the sun surveys subdued,
  But Cato's mighty mind'——
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
  The soul of the resign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
  To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
  Great Cato's pride in awe.

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
  Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
  Had left to Heaven the rest:

Then he the palm had borne away,
  At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
  And made the skies his own.

What cannot resignation do?—
  It wonders can perform:
That powerful charm, 'Thy will be done.'
  Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
  Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls
  Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
  Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
  To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
  Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
  How strongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe! what shadows deep
  O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
  My sole asylum thou.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,
  'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach
  My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish.
  Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
  A glorious smile in death!

What sight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
  Hath most of Heaven to boast?
The man resign'd, at once serene,
  And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile
  Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
  To meet him on his way.

My gay-coëvals! (such there are)
  If happiness is dear,
Approaching death's alarming day
  Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wise,
  Till wisdom can rise higher:
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
  Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climateric vanities
  The vainest will despise:
Shock when, beneath the snow of age,
  Man immaturely dies.

But am not I myself the man?
  No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
  What cause to blush at home!

In life's decline, when men relapse
  Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first,
  And tempts the lash of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
  With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
  And ape the poet's rage?

Here, madam; let me visit one,
  My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself by telling him,
  What more becomes our years.

And if your breast with prudent zeal
  For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
  Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
  For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
  Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit!
  Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
  For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
  Reversing human lot;
In age, 'tis honour to lie hid,
  'Tis praise to be forgot.

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
  And all their charms expose,
When evening damps and shades descend,
  Their evolutions close.

What though your muse has nobly soar'd,
  Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
  Eternity to time.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
  With such bold trash as this?*
This for renown? yes, such as makes
  Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine† at open war,
  Is obstinately bent,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
  Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
  Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
  Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
  Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke;
  We shudder whilst we praise:

A curious web, as finely wrought
  As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
  With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
  With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
  To my dear friend Voltaire.

* Candide. † Second part.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
  And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
  Nor would deplore his fate;
A fate how much to be deplor'd,
  At which our nature starts!
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
  To perish by your parts.
'But great your name'—To feed on air
  Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
  More glorious is the scorn.
Can fame your carcass from the worm,
  Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
  Applauding Europe save?
But fame you lose; good sense alone,
  Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
  It puts to death our fame.
Nor boast your genius; talents bright
  Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
  A genius for the skies.
Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
  True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
  Can proudest laurels boast?
Sound heads salvation's helmet* seek;
  Resplendent are its rays:
Let that suffice: it needs no plume
  Of sublunary praise.

* Eph. vi. 17.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
  To see that—'All is right;'*
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
  Restoring to its sight.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
  That much have been forgiven;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
  'Voltaires are, now, in Heaven.'

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
  So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
  (Stoop most profound!) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
  Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
  A grateful heart express.

Walking, the present God was seen,
  Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as present, by plain steps
  Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life;
  His awful voice I hear;
And conscious of my nakedness.
  Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
  Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
  To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
  Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine
  Chase darkness from my soul!

* Which his romance ridicules.

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
  In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
  Of sun, and moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
  To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
  In my small world within;

A world that shall survive the fall
  Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
  And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
  For time how great his care!
Sure spirit and eternity
  Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
  Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
  By what I now shall tell!

When backward with attentive mind
  Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
  Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
  My folly he pursued;
My heart astray, to quick return
  Importunately woo'd.

Due Resignation home to press
  On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
  Beneath the mask of ill!

How many foes in ambush laid
  Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
  By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
  So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
  Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
  My plan's defeat to bless:
Oft I lamented an event,
  It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
  To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
  He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path
  Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
  When our proud passions bow.

When labouring under fancied ill,
  My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
  Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
  Alone can set us free:
A thousand miseries we feel,
  Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
  Our wish we relish less:
Success, a sort of suicide,
  Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
  And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whisper kind advice,
  And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,
  As spangles, o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
  My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
  Of mirrors are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
  No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
  These self-recording lines;
A record modesty forbids,
  Or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
  You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
  That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
  And humbler flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
  Then human sorrows end:

But human prudence, too, must cease
  When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
  And freezes into fear.

The pang most poignant of my life
  Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
  From Chaos and old Night.

From what seem'd horror and despair,
  The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
  An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
  More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
  Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
  It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
  Which you should greatly prize.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
  Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
  Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from Heaven itself
  (So sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
  Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
  An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
  The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
  A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
  Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
  In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
  To fresh remembrance brought.

A mighty Being! and in him
  A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
  Of death, divorce, or end.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
  And lodge him in their heart;
Full well, from agonies exempt,
  With other friends may part.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
  Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
  From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
  Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give:
  'Ev'n be content with God.'

Through love he gave you the deceas'd;
  Through greater took him hence:
This reason fully could evince,
  Though murmur'd at by Sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
  Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
  Not foreign to your state.

His eye, this instant reads your heart:
  A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
  Are sounding in his ear.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
  And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear now trickling down he saw
  Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
  Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
  Your prudence with a smile;

A smile which through eternity
  Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
  If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
  When such a Sovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
  How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then your sorrows cease; if not,
  Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
  Which guilt should wash away.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain:
  Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
  (Strange truth!) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exalt!)
  Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
  Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each
  His care for all was thrown,
For all his care as absolute
  As all had been but one.

And is he then so near? so kind?—
  How little then, and great,
That riddle, Man! O let me gaze
  At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
  A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
  A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
  His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
  Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
  For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
  My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
  No period can destroy
The power in exquisite extremes
  To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
  He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
  Benighted by the sun!

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
  To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
  Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd,
  Swells here the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
  At truths sublime as these.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say
  Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
  Nay fright us, with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
  As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
  So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?
  Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
  In agonies resign'd.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
  To doubt almighty Love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
  Is mercy from above.

What most embitters time, that most
  Eternity endears;
And thus, by plunging in distress,
  Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
  O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
  Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
  Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
  As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of every bliss!
  Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
  An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
  Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea!
  One sand, how wide the shore!

Of thy exuberant good-will,
  Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
  A Deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
  With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
  More deep in ether thrown!

And those beyond of brighter worlds
  Why not a million more?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
  Fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
  Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
  Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
  Man's weakness understood;
And Wisdom grasping, with a hand
  Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
  In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
  Are murmuring in the dust.

For man to murmur or repine
  At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
  Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
  Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
  The roughest ocean plough?

What though I'm swallow'd in the deep?
  Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe
  I'm landed, and adore!

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
  Its most tremendous form:
Roar waves! rage winds! I know that thou
  Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
  To thee their fountain flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
  Meandering streams below.

Not less compell'd by reason's call,
  To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by nature's law,
  High mounts material fire:

To thee aspiring they exult;
  I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
  For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
  And generous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
  And binds affection fast;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
  And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
  Distracted or resign'd:

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame:
  Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in Heav'n itself
  Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
  Gall's overflowing bowl;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
  Provoke my guilty soul?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
  Can indignation raise?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
  And man was born to praise:

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
  Or sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
  The blacker of the two.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!
  With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd overlooks,
  Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
  Praise, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to Heav'n;
  Praise is already there.

Let plausive Resignation rise,
  And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
  It finishes the saint;

Makes the man bless'd as man can be;
  Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
  And lights our sun by night.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
  The richest gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
  Proprietor of peace:

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
  Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, madam! 'when your heart's in Heav'n,
  All heav'n is in your heart.'
But who to Heav'n their hearts can raise?
  Denied divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
  The wise with ardour court:
When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
  'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through Heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
  Sure audience of its King.
The labouring soul from sore distress
  That bless'd expedient frees;
I see you far advanc'd in peace;
  I see you on your knees.
How on that posture has the beam
  Divine for ever shone!
An humble heart, God's other seat!*
  The rival of his throne.
And stoops Omnipotence so low?
  And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
  Well-pleas'd, in such a cell?
Such honour how shall we repay!
  How treat our guest divine?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
  Let self-will die: Resign.
Thus far, at large, on our disease;
  Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
  The dismal human groan.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

What our sole fountain of distress?—
  Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important things
  Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
  On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
  Asunder as the poles.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
  Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
  Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,
  Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
  That traitor from the breast!

No small advantage may be reap'd
  From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd,
  Our origin and end;

From far above the glorious sun
  To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
  In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd,
  In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
  And all disquiet dies:

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose,
  Those phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
  And Indian mines are poor;

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
  The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
  That lesson from the grave.

A George the Third would then be low
  As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
  Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
  As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
  Still greater is the man:

The man is dead where virtue fails;
  And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
  Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
  Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O Death! through thy approach
  Is wiser every hour.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
  Worms feast on viands rare;
Those little epicures have kings
  To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what resignation due
  To that Almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows; and, when they fail,
  Can throne them higher still!

Who truly great? the good and brave,
  The masters of a mind,
The will divine to do resolv'd;
  To suffer it, resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
  The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
  The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
  Eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it through the thin
  Partition of an hour.

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me
  Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
  Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
  My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
  Should blame Voltaire the wise.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
  Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
  Voltaire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty
  Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
  When brav'd by Folly's pen,

Assaulting truths, of which in all
  Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
  And closes with our creed.

What then are they whose proud conceits
  Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
  And labour to be lost.

Though vice by no superior joys
  Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
  Of ruin they obey;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
  Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
  A magazine of lies
From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
  At Reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
  To make the finest fool.
Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
  That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
  Of living is to live;
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
  That birth-day of their sorrow;
Knowing it may be distant far,
  Nor crush them till—to-morrow.
These are cold northern thoughts, conceiv'd
  Beneath an humble cot:
Not mine your genius, or your state,
  No Castle* is my lot:
But soon, quite level shall we lie;
  And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in ranks so distant now,
  As level as our bones.
Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
  Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
  Is knocking at the gate.

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
  Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
  Than fire ambitious wit.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
  Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
  Of dread Omnipotence!

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
  Of bless'd eternity;
O may'st thou never, never lose
  That more than golden key!*

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
  Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
  As yet we must not part:

Shall you and I, in love with life,
  Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
  That we are still alive?

What have we left? how mean in man
  A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
  'Tis time to take our leave.

Happier, than happiest life is death,
  Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
  Writes *Vici* on his shield:

So falling, man, immortal heir
  Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
  Descends into the skies.

* Alluding to Prussia.

O how disorder'd our machine,
  When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
  And Folly points at six!

To mend the movements of your heart,
  How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
  And set your hand aright!

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
  To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
  Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
  Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
  And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues:
  'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
  And you'll resign the will:

And how superior they to those
  At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
  In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
  No mortal should presume;
Or only write what none can blame,
  Hic jacet—for his tomb.

The public frowns, and censures loud
  M puerile employ:
Though just the censure, if you smile,
  The scandal I enjoy.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
  Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
  Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
  Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
  And deep as hell profound:

Hell (horrid contrast) chord and song
  Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
  And hideous burst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
  Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
  From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
  'Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
  Jehovah's will be done.'

'Tis done in Heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
  Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
  Or earth's another hell.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
  Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
  And points the shafts of woe.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
  Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
  'Tis safe; I write to you.

You know, that virtue's basis lies
  In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
  Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave.
  From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
  Our admiral in port.

Was death denied, this world a scene
  How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
  A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,
  Or sap'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
  Is swiftly hurl'd away!

How happy! that no storm, or time,
  Of death can rob the just!
None pluck from their unaching heads
  Soft pillows in the dust!

Well pleas'd to bear Heaven's darkest frown,
  Your utmost pow'r employ;
'Tis noble chemistry to turn
  Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
  My fate shall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
  To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
  O rich eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
  Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And Thou! its great inhabitant!
  How glorious dost thou shine;
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
  A beam of joy divine.

The void of joy (with some concern
  The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
  A fool, or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
  From joyless murmur free;
Or let us know, which character
  Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
  Too deeply can instil;
A crown has been resign'd by more
  Than have resign'd the will;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
  Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes,
  Than he who wears a crown.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
  Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
  The grandeur of my theme:

But oh! how far presumption falls
  Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
  And numbers cease to flow.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
  For others ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
  Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
  How infamous the fault,
'A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
  In deed beneath the taught!'

Means most infallible to make
  The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
  To pave a path to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
  O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
  Where angels string the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard,
  (Hard what most easy seems)
'To set a just esteem on that,
  Which yet he—most esteems.'

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
  Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
  Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
  Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
  Depress'd the daring thought.

THE

OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

OCCASIONED BY A POETICAL EPISTLE, ADDRESSED FROM MR. DODINGTON TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Sopitos suscitat ignes. VIRG.

From man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, Heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit grey hairs: though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray!
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves themselves deceive?

Long had I bid my once-lov'd muse adieu:
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse! How great your force of mind!
What power of words! what skill in dark mankind!
Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And beauty files, and strength sustains each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are once more beset;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
Is, haughty Genius taught to know its place;

And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence,
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome or Greece:
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit;
That soothes my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done; a like applause
An ancient and a modern* Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees arose;
Meridian lustre you at once, disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O for some god my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so complete a song.

* Boileau.

A golden period shall from you commence;
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shown
For you: 'tis Britain's interest, not your own:
For lofty stations are but golden snares
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed; but age has chill'd my vein;
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost:
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee.——
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee
mine.

THE

INSTALMENT.

M.DCC.XXVI.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam meritis. HOR.

With invocations some their breasts inflame;
I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead! ye garter'd sons of praise;
Our morning-stars! our boast in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This clasp the diamond girdle round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.
When Fate would call some mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,

Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course!
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe through Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere,
And gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which, rising from the Thames,
With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire;
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair;
Be this thy partial smile from censure free,
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoriz'd my muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men.

This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise what wisdom should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep, one means must set them free:
Patron! and patriot! let them sing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
Nor those retain when winter chills the year,
The generous orange, favourite of the sun,
With vigorous charms can through the seasons run;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring,
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Let fall no honours, but, securely great,
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate;
No winter knows, though ruffling factions press,
By wisdom deeply rooted in success;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd,*
And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth indites old Time shall read:—

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

'Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
Which soon beat high for arts and public good;
Whose glory great, but natural, appears,
The genuine growth of services and years;
No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
And fondly gilt by partial majesty;
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease;
One born to serve us, and yet born to please;
Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere;
His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile.'
Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son;
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate.
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, in affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty, to virtue's cause.
Honours which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear:
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new:
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs, alone in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old this azure bloom of glory claim'd:
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride,

Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert who fame despise;
For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail?
And what applause, but her propitious gale;
When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore;
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy or by fortune's tide:
For one that has succeeded, ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.
  Then let renown to worth divine incite
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down,
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Though rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling in justice to their own decree)
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them by rewarding well.
  Though strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight; [aright,
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more; for in this dread suspense of fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick for the great event:
Brunswick! of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expense?

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THAT FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION, DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.*

While his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies:
He studies torment; dives in mortal woe;
To rouse up every pang, repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Who was falsely reported to have obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased, for this purpose: and then directed that the man should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

AN HISTORICAL

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er, perhaps, was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read,
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade!
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung,
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So sad the scene: what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?
To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
From such a source!—an emperor's embrace;

He sicken'd soon to death : and what is worse,
He well deserv'd and felt the coward's curse ;
Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign :
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus.—Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd !
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So public blessings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons ! shout ;—auspicious fortune bless ;
And cry, 'Long live—our title to success !'

EPITAPH

ON

*LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,**

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain still felt him when he breath'd no more.

* A son of the Duke of St. Alban's; born in 1711, and being regularly bred to the sea service, was appointed to the command of the Ludlow Castle in 1731. He was captain of the Prince Frederic at the attack on the harbour of Carthagena in March, 1741, and lost his life, by having both his legs shot off.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT DODSLEY;

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

ROBERT DODSLEY was born at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1703. His father is said to have kept the free school at Mansfield, a situation in which, it is natural to suppose, be could have bestowed some education on his children; yet it is not easy to reconcile this with the servile track of life into which they were obliged to enter. Of his sons, Alvary lived many years, and died in the service of the late Sir George Saville. Isaac was for some time gardener to Mr. Allen of Prior-park, and afterwards to lord Weymouth at Longleat. There was a third, John, whose name, with that of Alvary, and of the father, is among the subscribers to the poet's first publication.

Of Robert nothing is now remembered in his native town, but a traditional story that he was put apprentice to a stocking weaver of that place, and that being almost starved, he ran away, and was hired by a lady as her footman: this lady, it is added, observing that he employed his leisure hours in reading, gave him every encouragement, and soon after he wrote an entertainment which was shown to Pope and others. Part of this story is probable, but too much of his history is crowded into it. His first service was not that of a lady, nor was the entertainment (The Toy Shop) his first production. Although he was probably not in many

stations of the menial kind, it is certain that he was once footman to Charles Dartiquenave, (or, as spelt by Swift,) Dartineuf, esq. paymaster of the works, and the Darty who is noticed by Pope.

> "Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
> Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie."

The story of the ham-pie, Dr. Wharton assures us, was confirmed by Dodsley, who knew Dartineuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner; or, as he said more explicitly to Dr. Johnson, "was his footman." He served afterwards in the same humble station in the family of the hon. Mrs. Lowther, where his conduct procured him respect, and his abilities distinction. Several of his small poems were written while in this family, and being shown to his mistress and her visiters, he was encouraged to publish them by a very liberal subscription, including about two hundred names of considerable note. His volume had the very appropriate title of The Muse in Livery, or The Footman's Miscellany, a thin octavo, published in the year 1732. In his preface he alludes very feelingly to his many disadvantages. "What can be expected from the pen of a footman, a character that expresses a want both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education, or a polite converse?" He seeks no other excuse for his verses, "than the candour and good nature of his readers, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; nay, even his natural genius depressed by the sense of his low condition: a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart, which will ever be found in the breast of the author, R. D." His next attempt was more successful than the publication of his poems, and considering the disadvantages of

a life of servitude, more extraordinary. He wrote a dramatic piece, (The Toy Shop,) the style of which discovers an improvement, which to those who had just read The Muse in Livery, must have appeared wonderful. This the author determined to submit to Pope in manuscript. He tells us he had a great regard for that poet, before he had the honour of being known to him, and "it was a great mortification to him that he used to think himself too inconsiderable even to merit his notice or esteem. However, some time after I had wrote The Toy Shop, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a moral capacity at least, though not in a poetical one, I sent it to him, and designed it for the stage; yet, unless its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors." Pope's answer to this application may appear in this place without impropriety, as it has escaped the collectors of his letters, and exhibits his kindness to unprotected genius in a very favourable light.

SIR, *February* 5, 1732-3.

I was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you I like it, as far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please the stage, I doubt: but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me; I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night: and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could show you my friendship in any instance.

I am, &c.

Pope accordingly recommended it to Mr. Rich, and ever after bestowed "his favour and acquaint-

ance" on the author. The hint of this excellent satire, for it scarcely deserves the name of drama, was taken from Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass. It was acted at Covent Garden theatre in 1735, and met with great success; but was yet more popular when printed, being indeed much better calculated for the closet than the stage. There is an ease and elegance in the style which raise our opinion of Dodsley's natural talents, and so many circumstances of public and private absurdities are brought together, as to afford a decisive proof that he had a mind far above his situation, and that with habits of attentive observation of life and manners, he cherished the justest moral feelings. Such was his situation, however, that for some time he was supposed to be only the nominal author of *The Toy Shop;* but when he asserted his claim he became more noticed, and the theatre more easily accessible to his future dramatic attempts. The profits of his volume of poems, and of The Toy Shop, enabled him to set up in business. With much judgment he chose that of a bookseller, which his friends might promote, and which might afford him leisure and opportunity to cultivate his talents. At what time he quitted service is not known, but he commenced the bookselling trade at a shop in Pall Mall, in the year 1735; and by Pope's friendly interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership. In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of The King and the Miller of Mansfield, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of The Toy

Shop. In 1737-8, he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to The King and the Miller, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. Almost from the commencement of trade, Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights; and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738, the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's London, and was desirous to purchase an article, of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time, Dodley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April, 1737, he published Pope's Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace; and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his Letters, and afterwards that of vols. five and six of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akenside published their works at his shop; and as early as 1738-9, he became a partner, with some of his brethren, in the copyright of established authors. The first of his literary schemes was a journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence.

The contents of Dodsley's Public Register were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; re-

cords of literature; the substance of parliamentary debates, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called Rex et Pontifex, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered as a poetical effusion only for a temporary purpose. In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled The *Museum*, or the Literary and Historical Register, published in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share. It extended to three volumes, and contains a great variety of original essays of real merit. Among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. The last mentioned wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published, under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748, our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his Preceptor, to which some of the parties just named contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the Vision of Theodore the Hermit. In the beginning of the following year Dodsley purchased Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Dodsley's enterprising spirit, that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the English Dictionary, upon which Dr. Johnson was then employed.

In 1748, Dodsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title

of Trifles. On the peace of Aix la Chapelle, he wrote the Triumph of Peace, a masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury Lane, in 1748-9. In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "*The Economy of Human Life*, translated from an India manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered. In a letter from an English gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of *****." Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield had a friendship for Dodsley, and would not contradict a report which rendered the sale of the Economy both rapid and extensive. The critics, however, in the Monthly Review and Gentleman's Magazine, were not to be deceived.

It would be unnecessary to say much on the merit of a piece which is so well known. During its early popularity it occasioned many imitations, the principal of which were, The Second part of the Economy of the Sexes; and the Economy of a Winter's Day, an humorous burlesque. Dodsley's Economy, however, outlived these temporary efforts, and continued to be praised and read as the production of lord Chesterfield. His next production appears to have occupied his thoughts and leisure hours for a considerable time. This was a poem, intended to be comprised in three books, treating of agriculture, commerce, and arts. Of these, by way of experiment, he published the first, under the general title of public virtue, in 1754, but it did not meet with such encouragement as to induce him to complete his design. It is written in blank verse, to which his ear was not very well attuned; yet, with many imperfections, this poem

has likewise many beauties. He appears to have contemplated rural scenery with the eye of a poet.

About this time he established, in conjunction with Moore, a periodical paper entitled The World, a name which Dodsley is allowed to have suggested, after the other partners had perplexed themselves in vain for a proper one. Lord Lyttlcton, although no contributor himself, used his influence with his friends for that purpose, and Dodsley procured papers from many of his friends and customers. One paper only, No. 32, is acknowledged to come from his own pen. By undertaking to pay Moore a stipulated sum for each paper, whether contributed by that writer or sent by volunteers, Dodsley secured to himself the copyright, and was amply repaid, not only by its sale in single numbers, but by the many editions printed in volumes. When it was concluded, in 1756, he obtained permission of the principal writers to insert their names, which gave it an additional interest with the public. A few chose, at that time, to remain concealed, who have since been discovered, and some are yet unknown. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were known at the time of publication.

In 1755, Dodsley wrote Melpomene, or the Regions of Terror and Pity, an ode, but concealed his being the author, and employed Mrs. Cooper as his publisher. The consequence was that this ode, in which it is universally acknowledged that there are many sublime passages, was attributed to some promising young man, whom years and cultivation would lead to a high rank among poets. In the same year, Dodsley produced his tragedy of Cleone, at Covent Garden theatre. This is said to have been rejected by Garrick, with some degree of contempt, principally because there was not a character in it adapted to the display of his talents; and when it was performed for the first time at the rival theatre, he endeavoured to diminish its attrac-

tion by appearing the same night in a new character at Drury Lane. Notwithstanding this malicious opposition, Cleone was played with great success for many nights, although the company at Covent Garden, with the exception of Mrs. Bellamy, were in no reputation as tragedians. How powerfully the author has contrived to excite the passions of terror and pity, was seen, when this tragedy was revived by Mrs. Siddons.

Its effect was so powerful, and indignation at the villany of Glanville and Ragozin approached so near to abhorrence, that the play could not be endured. There are, indeed, in this piece, many highly wrought scenes; and the madness of Cleone deserves to rank among the most pathetic attempts to convey an idea of the ruins of an amiable and innocent mind. The prologue to Cleone was written by Melmoth, and the epilogue by Shenstone. Dodsley omitted about thirty lines of the latter, and substituted twelve or fourteen of his own, but restored the epilogue, as originally written, in the fourth edition, at which it arrived in less than a year. Such was the avidity of the public, occasioned probably, in a great measure, by the opposition given to the performance of the play, that two thousand copies were sold on the first day of publication. This was an important year (1758) to Dodsley in another respect. He now published the first volume of the Annual Register, projected in concert with the great Edmund Burke, who is supposed to have contributed very liberally to its pages.

This work was, in all its departments, so ably conducted, that, although he printed a large impression, he and his successor were frequently obliged to reprint the early volumes. Its value, as an useful and convenient record of public affairs was and is so universally felt, that every inquirer into the history of his country, must wish it had

been begun sooner. Dodsley, however, did not live to enjoy its highest state of popularity; but some years after his death it became irregular in its times of publication, and the general disappointment which such neglect occasioned, gave rise, in the year 1780, to another work of the same kind, under the name of the New Annual Register, which has proved a powerful rival.

In 1760, Dodsley published his Select Fables of Esop and other fabulists, in three books, which added very considerably to his reputation, although he was more indebted than has been generally supposed, to his learned customers, many of whom seem to have taken a pleasure in promoting all his schemes. The Essay on Fables prefixed to his collection is ascribed to Dodsley by the author of his life, in the Biographia Britannica. Dodsley probably drew the outline of the Essay, but Shenstone produced it in the shape we now find it.

On the death of Shenstone, in the beginning of the year 1763, Dodsley endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude, by publishing a very beautiful edition of the works of that poet, to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings; a character, written with much affection; a Description of the Leasowes, &c. He had now retired from the active part of his business, having realized a considerable fortune, and was succeeded by his brother James, whom he had previously admitted into partnership, and who continued the business until his death, in 1797, but without Robert's spirit or intelligence. During the latter years of his life he was much afflicted with the gout, and at length fell a martyr to it, while upon a visit to his learned friend the Rev. Joseph Spence, at Durham. This event happened September 25, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was interred in the abbey church yard of that city, and the following homely inscription was engraven on his tomb-stone:

"If you have any respect
for uncommon industry and merit,
regard this place,
in which are deposited the remains of
Mr. ROBERT DODSLEY:
who, as an author, raised himself
much above what could have been expected
from one in his rank of life,
and without a learned education:
and who, as a man, was scarce
exceeded by any in integrity of heart
and purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better
Sept. 25, 1764,
In the 61st year of his age."

After the incidental notices taken of his different writings in this sketch of his life, little remains to be added as to their general character. If poets are classed by rigorous examination, he will not be able to maintain a very elevated rank. Upon the whole, the general merit of his productions, and the connections he formed with many of the most eminent literary characters of his time, have given such a cast of popularity to the name of Dodsley, that it was not thought proper to refuse him a place among his poetical friends; and his personal character may be an additional excuse. Although flattered for his early productions, and in a situation where flattery is most dangerous, he did not yield to the suggestions of vanity, nor consider his patrons as bound to raise him to independence, or as deserving to be insulted, if they refused to arrogant insolence what they were willing to grant to honest industry. With the fair fruits of his pieces he entered into business, and while he sought only such encouragement as his assiduity might merit, he endeavoured to cultivate his mind by useful, if not profound erudition. His whole life, indeed, affords an important lesson.

Without exemption from some of the more harm-

less artifices of trade, he preserved the strictest integrity in all his dealings, both with his brethren and with such authors as confided to him the publication of their works; and he became a very considerable partner in those large undertakings which have done so much credit to the booksellers of London. In his more private character, Dodsley was a pleasing and intelligent companion. Few men had lived on more easy terms with authors of high rank, as well as genius: and his conversation abounded in that species of information which, unfortunately for biographers, is generally lost with those to whom it has been communicated. By his letters, some of which have been published, he appears to have written with ease and familiar pleasantry; and the general style of his writings affords no reason to remember that he was deprived of the advantages of education. So much may application, even with limited powers, effect; while those who trust to inspiration only, too frequently are content to excite wonder and dispense with industry, mistaking the bounty-money of fame for its regular pay.

THE FOOTMAN,

AN EPISTLE TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT.

DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly footman's business there,
I'll try to tell in easy rhyme,
How I in London spent my time.
And first,
As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed, and down I sit me
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such-like dirty work as that,
Which (by the by) is what I hate.
This done; with expeditious care,
To dress myself I straight prepare;
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,
Take off my beard, and wash my face,
And then I'm ready for the chase.
Down comes my lady's woman straight;
"Where 's Robin?" here, "pray take your hat,

And go—and go—and go—and go—
And this—and that desire to know."
The charge receiv'd, away run I,
And here, and there, and yonder fly,
With services, and how-d'-ye-dos,
Then home return full fraught with news.
  Here some short time does interpose,
Till warm effluvias greet my nose,
Which from the spits and kettles fly,
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
To lay the cloth I now prepare,
With uniformity and care;
In order knives and forks are laid,
With folded napkins, salt, and bread:
The side-boards glittering too appear,
With plate and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted.
The smoking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene:
Which on the table being plac'd,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.
  This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what 's call'd for out to pour,
I hear and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes;
Disputes maintained without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression;

The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated:
Where all unanimously exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious and the rude;
The flatt'ring, fawning, praising train;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
Detraction, smut, and what 's profane.
  This happy hour elaps'd and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
And lamp prepar'd: I straight engage
The Lilliputian equipage
Of dishes, saucers, spoons and tongs,
And all the' *et cætera* which thereto belongs,
Which, rang'd in order and decorum,
I carry in, and set before 'em:
Then pour or green or bohea out,
And, as commanded, hand about.
  This business over, presently
The hour of visiting draws nigh:
The chairmen straight prepare the chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle thro'
The parting crowds, who all stand off
To give us room. O how you'd laugh!
To see me strut before a chair,
And with a sturdy voice and air,
Crying—"By your leave, sir! have a care!"
From place to place with speed we fly,
And rat-ta-ta-tat the knockers cry.

"Pray is your lady, sir, within?"
If not, go on; if yes, we enter in.
Then to the hall I guide my steps,
Among a crowd of brother skips,
Drinking small-beer and talking smut,
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
Whilst oath and peals of laughter meet,
And he who 's loudest is the greatest wit,
But here amongst us the chief trade is
To rail against our lords and ladies:
To aggravate their smallest failings,
To' expose their faults with saucy railings.
For my part, as I hate the practice,
And see in them how base and black 'tis,
In some bye place I therefore creep,
And sit me down, and feign to sleep:
And could I with old Morpheus bargain,
'Twould save my ears much noise and jargon.
But down my lady comes again,
And I'm released from my pain.
To some new place our steps we bend,
The tedious evening out to spend:
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
Assembly, or the Opera;
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

To scourge the riot and intemperate lust,
Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,
Offended Heaven sent forth, in vengeance just,
The dire inexorable fury, Pain;

Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails,
The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,
Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men
Sends out the ministers of dire distress:
Repentance, Shame, Despair, each acts her part,
Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the smart.

He whose luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean to supply his board;
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd
The wholesome gifts of Nature's bounteous Lord;
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd, pall'd stomach loathe the daintiest food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorse ensues, and agony of soul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain:
Gout, fever, stone, to madness heighten grief,
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief.

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to seek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, shall in his face descry
The mark indelible of foul disgrace:

Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones,
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs and groans.

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless hand,
With lavish, tasteless pride, commits expense;
Ruin'd, perceives his waning age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies past,
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high presuming health defies
The' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who slights the care and caution of the wise,
Nor fears hot Summer's rage, nor Winter's frown;
Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man,
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus Nature's God inflicts, by Nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by physical prevent:
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,
Ev'n in those very groans our chastisements shall raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;
Lest fell Despair, in league with cruel Pain,
Should drive him desperate in their wild excess;

Kind Hope her daughter Patience sent from high,
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trickling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm Patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm breath,
And strong persuasive eloquence prevail
Against the rage of Pain, the fear of Death:
Come, lenient Beauty, spread thy healing wing,
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises sing.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,
Where dulness teases, or pert noise assails;
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
And money purchases where merit fails;
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,
If Patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

No state of life but must to Patience bow: [bill;
The tradesman must have patience for his
He must have patience who to law will go,
And should he lose his right, more patience [still;
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a strife,
How oft, how long must man have patience with his wife?

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched wight, [sail!
Whom pills, and draughts, and bolusses as-
Which he must swallow down with all his might,
Ev'n then when health, and strength, and spirits fail.

Dear doctors, find some gentler ways to kill; [bill.
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her theme,
Till lost and puzzled, she all theme forgets;
Yet still talks on with unabating speed; [indeed.
Good gods! who hears her out, must patience have

So when some grave, deep-learned, sound divine
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every sentence more and more perplext;
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,
Teaching his wearied hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?
Then, with a whisper'd promise in his ear,
Wait its accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the bounds of patience if he burst,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd first.

O Patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,
Against the insolence of pride and power;
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I sing.

TO RICHES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. ——

To succour all whom grief or care oppress,
To raise neglected merit from distress,
The dying arts to' encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is riches' grand prerogative,
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,
And thousands feel, and bless their power in you.
  But stay, my muse, nor rashly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verse is praise. Consider——very few
Can justly say one single line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:
An honest line prefer to a polite,
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.
  But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H——r;
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;
But finish'd well, there's nothing charms so much.
A shining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart.
  Mecænas first the noble list shall grace:
Learning's great patron merits the first place.
O dear to every muse! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! supporter of desert!
Is there a man, though poor, despis'd, oppress'd,
Yet whose superior genius shines confess'd;

Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,
Or the politer muse's sacred fire,
Learning and arts to' encourage and extend,
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.
  Wealth, thus bestow'd, returns in lasting fame
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.
  Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.
Carus, though bless'd with plenty, ease, and health,
His every want supplied from boundless wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows
To see, or hear, or think, on others' woes.
Is there a wretch with pinching want oppress'd?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast.
Does any languish under dire disease?
Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And some expiring family undone?
Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.
To hear the widow's, or the orphan's cries,
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief,
To feel, to sympathize, and give relief.
  Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at interest in the bank of heaven.
  But where's the' advantage, then, will Corvus say,
If wealth is only lent to give away?
Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,
How great, how godlike, is the power to give!
Thou canst not feel it:—True, 'tis too divine
For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.
Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;

His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,
Inviting plenty smiles upon his board:
Easy and free, his friends his fortune share,
Ev'n travelling strangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,
He, in return, possesses all their hearts.
  Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?
  Is then the noble privilege to give,
The sole advantage we from wealth receive?
Whilst others' wants or merits we supply,
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?
Doubtless we have. A thousand different ways
Wealth may be self-enjoyed, and all with praise.
Whom truth and reason guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his desires.
But should pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool?
The muse forbids. She only gives to sense
The dangerous province to contrive expense.
Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes delight;
His house, his gardens, charm the ravish'd sight:
With beauty use, with grandeur neatness joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis costly:—True; but who can blame the' expense,
'Where splendour borrows all her rays from sense?'
  Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods,
Delight his eye! the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his soul, and charms his ear.
In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,
Plan'd by himself, he spends the peaceful hours:
Here serious thought pursues her thread serene,
No interrupting follies intervene;

Propitious silence aids the' attentive mind,
The God of nature in his works to find.
  If this to' enjoy affords him most delight,
Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?
  Publius in curious paintings wealth consumes,
The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;
Various designs, from each enliven'd wall,
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms in all.
Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind convey
A smiling country or a stormy sea;
Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,
And ships, in danger, fright us from the main.
There the past actions of illustrious men,
In strong description charm the world again:
Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are wrought,
All its just passions animate the draught.
But see new charms break in a flood of day,
See loves and graces on the canvass play;
Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,
And light and shade retains the power to charm.
  Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,
Must wish the noble art of painting lost.
  Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shows,
Critus admires her sister-art, the muse.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau,
Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.
From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,
Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.
Hail, judge impartial! noble critic, hail!
In this thy day, good writing must prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they shou'd,
Please and improve us, make us wise and good.

Thus bless'd with wealth, his genius each pursues,
In building, planting, painting, or the muse.
O envied power!—But you'll object and say,
How few employ it in this envied way!
With all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: but they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
It is for gold the lawless villain spoils;
'Tis for the same the honest labourer toils.
Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:
Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heav'n reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

When dark oblivion, in her sable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the muse that distant day can see)
On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grot to see:
Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
  With pious hand the ruin shall repair:
Some good old man, to each inquiring sage,
  Pointing the place, shall cry, 'The bard liv'd there,

'Whose song was music to the listening ear,
  Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame;
Easy his manners, but his life severe;
  His word alone gave infamy or fame.

'Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb wit,
  Beneath this silent roof the muse he found;
'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sat and writ,
  Here with his friends the social glass went round.'

With awful veneration shall they trace
  The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
  From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
  Departing each shall pilfer, in fond hope
To please their friends on every distant shore,
  Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

MELPOMENE;

OR, THE

REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

AN ODE.

Queen of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my venturous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where, nurs'd of yore,
Young Shakspeare, fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror shake us, or compassion warm,
As different strains control
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shady grove,
Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play;
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love;
And Damon's muse, that breathes her melting lay,

This ardent prayer was made :
When, lo ! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook—
Strength, firmness, reason, all—my astonish'd soul
forsook.

Ah ! whither, goddess ! whither am I borne ?
To what wild region's necromantic shore ?
These panics whence ? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before ?
Darkness enwraps me round,
While from the vast profound
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And, gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha ! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame ?
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
What can such rage provoke ?
His words their passage choke :
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess ! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation ? as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd :
Ah see ! besmear'd with gore,
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wandering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain;
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes ascaunce,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
Fond love, fierce hate assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage con-
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks:
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murderer's hand appears,
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood,
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds

His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all pervading Heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow sound?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghost slow rising steals on air,
To where a mangled corse,
Expos'd without remorse,
Lies shroudless unentomb'd, he points the way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

'Was it for this (he cries) with kindly shower
Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd?
For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?
O kindness ill repay'd!
To bare the murdering blade
Against my life!—may Heaven his guilt explore,
And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore.'

He said, and stalk'd away—Ah, goddess! cease
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain:
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous sound,
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;

A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
The train of terror vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise;
New scenes salute my eyes, [plain:
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the
And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain:

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple teems with life;
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There, with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying sighs are heard, and heartfelt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.
Her bosom heaves with sighs;
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship! yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound.
What could such fury move?
Ah what, but ill-starr'd love!
The same fair object each fond heart enthrals,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then, what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence;
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire!
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form so graceful ev'n in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confess'd before my dazzled sight,
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my wrapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear,
And as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear:

'Aspiring son of art,
Know, though thy feeling heart
Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;
Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils disown.

'A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;
A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
Whence Otway's melting tears—
That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.

But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,
And all due honour to her precepts pay?
Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,
Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to stray?
Hast thou the Graces fair
Invok'd with ardent prayer?
'Tis they attire, as Nature must impart,
The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

'Then, if creative genius pour his ray,
Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast:
Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
And the deep source of passion stand confess'd:
Then may the listening train,
Affected, feel thy strain;
Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;
Change with the varying scenes, and every scene approve.'

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But fear upon my lip her seal impress'd.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celestial, fading on my sight,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

AGRICULTURE.

A POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

PREFACE.

If the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the public attention, it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is further confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistances of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest; the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry; his prospect of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of execut-

ing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public, without the approbations of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan.* If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion; and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would in case of success have increased his reputation, he hopes if he hath failed they will soften his disgrace.

* The author's original design was to have written a poem, entitled, Public Virtue, in three books, 1. Agriculture. 2. Commerce. 3. Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.

AGRICULTURE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition. Address to the prince of Wales. Invocation to the Genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milkmaid The farm yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great to study Agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth;
Of social commerce; of the nobler arts,
Which polish and adorn the life of man:
Objects demanding the supreme regard
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons;
The Muse, disdaining idle themes, attempts
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!
The favourite of her wishes! thou, O prince,
On whom her fondest expectations wait,
Accept the verse; and, to the humblest voice
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear,
  Genius of Britain! pure Intelligence!
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,
With influential energy benign,
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;
Oh wake the breast of her aspiring son,
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue.

From cultivation, from the useful toils
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth
To bring the' observing eye, the liberal hand,
And with a spirit congenial to your birth,
Regard his various labours thro' the year:
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve
The happy country you are born to rule.
The year declining, now hath left the fields
Divested of their honours: the strong glebe,
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
Surveys the country round, solicitous
To fix his habitation on a soil
Propitious to his hopes, and to his cares.
O ye, whom Fortune in her silken robe
Inwraps benign: whom Plenty's bounteous hand
Hath favour'd with distinction: Oh look down,
With smiles indulgent, on his new designs;
Assist his useful works, facilitate
His honest aims, nor in exaction's gripe [toils
Enthrall the' endeavouring swain. Think not his
Were meant alone to foster you in ease
And pamper'd indolence: nor grudge the meed,
Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
The labouring hand of useful industry.
Be yours the joy to propagate content;
With bounteous Heav'n co-operate, and reward
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring.
As in a garden, the enlivening air
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
Which by its influence rise: so in his breast
Benevolent who gives the swains to thrive,
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.

But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
Gives labour hope; where sheltering shades arise,
Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;
Where arable and pasture duly mix;
Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the Muse,
And catch the moral lessons of her song.
Be frugal and be blest; frugality
Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,
Too small to bear profusion's wasteful hand.
Make temperance thy companion, so shall health
Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
To every useful work. And if to these
Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,
The love of industry, the glowing joy
Felt from each new improvement; then fair Peace,
With modest Neatness, in her decent garb,
Shall walk around thy dwelling: while the great,
Tir'd with the vast fatigue of indolence,
Fill'd with disease by luxury and sloth,
Impatient curse the dilatory day,
And look with envy on thy happier state.
Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain
With courage enters on his rural works.
First he provides the needful implements.
Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast
Fed with his fellow-brute, in woods and wilds,
Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
The spiked harrow next, to break the clods,
And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field
Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought:
Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
To' encounter all the numerous host of weeds,

Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes.
The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,
and turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save
With providential care he treasures up.
His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox
Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts:
While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse
Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd sheaves
Their hidden stores profuse; which now demand
The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
With blasts successive, wafting far away
The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.
And now compell'd to hire assistant strength,
Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
Where willing Servitude, for mutual wants
Of hand and farmer, holds her annual feast.*
'Tis here the toiling hand of industry
Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord
And leader of the rustic band; who claims
His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
And dignity superior; boasting skill
To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
To scatter with an equal hand the seed,
And with a master scythe to head the train
When the ripe meadow asks the mower's hand.
Here too the thresher, brandishing his flail,
Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand

* This is called in the country a statute; and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort, in quest of places and employment.

A labouring arm, now ready to give up
Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.
The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects
Observance; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep
In all diseases of the bleating flock.
Mixt with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
Some taught with dext'rous hand to twirl the wheel,
Or stroke the swelling udder; some expert
To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf;
To mash the malted barley, and extract
Its flavour'd strength; or with a housewife's care,
To keep the decent habitation neat.
But now let loose to revelry and sport,
In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude, [voke
The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, pro-
Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike
Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid;
As Verulam the pleasing tale records,
When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,
Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
Of Patty, the fair milkmaid? Beautiful
As an Arcadian nymph, upon her brow
Sat virgin Modesty, while in her eyes
Young Sensibility began to play
With innocence. Her waving locks fell down
On either side her face in careless curls,
Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.
Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.
Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
Thro' lips of living coral. When she spoke

Her features wore intelligence : her words
Were soft, with such a smile accompanied,
As lighted in her face resistless charms.
Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast,
With pleasing elegance :—That lovely breast!
Ah! Fancy dwell not there, lest gay Desire,
Who smiling hovers o'er the' enchanting place,
Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous ecstasy.
Her shape was moulded by the hand of Ease;
Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
While Grace, following her steps, with secret art
Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail
Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
In that fair province of the rural state,
The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.
How great the power of beauty! The rude swains
Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds,
Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
As when a gentle breeze, borne thro' the grove,
With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,
And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
So ran a spreading whisper thro' the crowd.
Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir
Of numerous acres a large freehold farm,
Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
Feels new emotion: now his fixed eye

With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.
No rest the night, no peace the following day
Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
Her fair perfections playing on his mind,
With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain
He strives to tear her image from his breast;
Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
And binding all his soul a slave to love.

Ah! little did he know, alas, the while,
Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts
She studied, and for him she wish'd to live.
But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
Let curious malice, like a watchful spy,
Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.

Judge then the sweet surprise when she at length
Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:
"O Patty! dearest maid, whose beauteous form
Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:
Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."
Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
Of struggling passions rising in her breast;
Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love
Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,

But the faint accents died upon her tongue:
Her fears prevented utterance.—At length—
"Can Thyrsis mock my poverty? can he
Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,
Too humble ev'n to hope"—No more she said;
But gently, as if half unwilling, stole
Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,
Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.
But Thyrsis read, with rapture, in her eyes
The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,
And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams
Coagulated, rise in circling piles
Of harden'd curd; and all the dairies round,
To her sweet butter yield superior praise.
  But turn, my Muse, nor let the' alluring form
Of beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
See where the farmer, with a master's eye,
Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
In sov'reign independence. At a word,
His feathery subjects in obedience flock
Around his feeding hand, who in return
Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
A glittering pageant, to the mid-day Sun:
In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
And calls the bristling feathers round his head.
There the loud herald of the morning struts
Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
See the grey gander, with his female train,

Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,
Rejoicing on the surface, clap their wings;
Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,
The glossy pigeons chase their sportive loves,
Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.
Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
Promise the future market large supplies:
While with an eye of triumph he surveys
His piles of wood, and laughs at Winter's frown.
In silent rumination, see the kine,
Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait
To pour into his pails their milky stores.
While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,
Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
The gaily-blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
And broad-leav'd cabbage, for the ploughman's feast.
  These his amusements, his employment these;
Which still arising in successive change,
Give to each varied hour a new delight.
Peace and contentment with their guardian wings
Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy health,
When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,
Treads in his dewy footsteps round the field;
And cheerfulness attends his closing day.
No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,
Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.
His only enemies the prowling fox,
Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
With eye malignant on the little brood,
Sailing around portentous; the rank stote
Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;
The corn-devouring partridge; timorous hare;

The' amphibious otter bold; the weasel sly,
Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell;
And moles, a dirty undermining race.
These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd
With man to man, an inoffensive train.
'Gainst these, assisted by the' entangling net,
The' explosive thunder of the levell'd tube,
Or toils unwearied of his social friend,
The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
And health and pleasure in the sportive field
Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.
  O happy he! happiest of mortal men!
Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:
Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
The purchase of his honour; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, drest in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce; and beneath the mask
Of friendship and sincerity, betray.
Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate, enwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,
Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his old paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd
The scenes of innocence and calm delight.

There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring springs,
Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits to meditate the God!

Turn, then, at length, O turn, ye sons of wealth,
And ye who seek, thro' life's bewildering maze,
To tread the paths of happiness, O turn!
And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;
In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,
Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
Unfolds the map of Nature, and displays
The matchless beauty of created things.
Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts
Of cultivation; and those fields improve
Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.
Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,
That noblest science, which in ancient time
The minds of sages and of kings employ'd,
Solicitous to learn the ways of God,
And read his works in Agriculture's school.

Then hear the Muse, now entering, hand in hand
With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers
Of deep mysterious Nature; there to' explore
The causes of fecundity, and how
The various elements, earth, water, air,
And fire united; the enlivening ray
Diurnal; the prolific dews of night;
With all the rolling seasons of the year;
In vegetation's work their power combine.

Whither, O whither dost thou lead my steps,
Divine Philosophy? What scenes are these,
Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! enthron'd
Upon a solid rock great Nature sits;
Her eyes to Heaven directed, as from thence

Receiving inspiration. Round her head
A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.
List! list! what harmony, what heavenly sounds
Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'Tis ancient Pan,*
Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
Conveys the fancied music of the spheres.
See by his strains the elements inspir'd,
Join in mysterious work; their motions led
By active fire,† in windings intricate,
But not perplext, nor vague. And who are they?
What pair obeying in alternate rounds
The tuneful melody? Majestic one,
And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time;
A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,
Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;
And wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.
The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,
Glides gayly on; a milk-white robe invests
His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head,
A shining glory paints his flying robe,
With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.

* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signified by this god; and that his pipe, composed of seven reeds, was the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhaave and other modern philosophers, all the motion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away, all things would become fixt and immovable: fluids would become solid; a man would harden into a statue; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid mass.

Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
The varying seasons join the mystic train.
In all the blooming hues of florid youth,
Gay Spring advances smiling: on her head
A flow'ry chaplet, mixt with verdant buds,
Sheds aromatic fragrance through the air;
While little zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
Of ripening harvest; in her hand she bears
A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek
The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:
Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry breath
Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath
Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks
Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold;
Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard
Shines the hoar frost, and icicles depend.
Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
Shivering he walks, his joints benumb'd and stiff;
And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.
And now, great Nature, pointing to the train
Her Heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound
Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd

Her voice harmonious; and the listening Muse,
Admiring, caught the wonders of her theme.*

"To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!
All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
In choral symphonies of praise and love,
Let all the powers of Nature raise the song!

'The wat'ry signs forsaking, see, the Sun,
Great father of the vegetable tribes,
Darts from the ram his all-enlivening ray.
When now the genial warmth Earth's yielding breast
Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,
And air, and water mixt; attract, repel,
And raise prolific ferment. Lo! at length
The vital principle begins to wake:
The' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,
Seek their terrestrial nurture; which, convey'd
In limpid currents thro' the' ascending tubes,
And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells;
To its own nature every different plant
Assimilating, changes. Awful Heaven!
How wond'rous is thy work! To thee! to thee!
Mysterious power belongs! Summer's fierce heat
Increasing, rarifies the ductile juice.
See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd,
The' elastic air impels the rising sap.
Swift thro' the stem, thro' every branching arm,
And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,
Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:
Whence, as ordain'd, the' expiring air flows out

* The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.

In copious exhalations; and from whence
Its noblest principles the plant inhales.
'See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!
Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!
On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,
Cloth'd in soft-mingling shades from light to dark,
The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,
And Flora's pencil o'er the enamell'd green,
The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale
Breathes odours, every Zephyr from his wings
Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
From every flower and aromatic herb
In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plum,
The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
And thy rich nectar, many-flavour'd pine.
These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man;
These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of Heav'n,
A world of beauty, wonder, and delight!'
"To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!
All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!
In choral symphonies of praise and love,
Let all the powers of Nature close the strain."

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

Descending now from these superior themes,
O Muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different culture each requires.
The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray
With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
The falling moisture: hence the embrio seeds,
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
Correct this error of the ardent soil,
With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay
Give the loose glebe consistence, and firm strength:
So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.
Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay?
Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil
Shall yield to cultivation, and reward
The hand of diligence. Here give the plough

No rest. Break, pound the clouds, and with warm
Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground, [dungs
Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these
The sharpest sand, to open and unbind
The close-cohering mass; so shall new pores
Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive,
And yield a passage to the soaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots, in quest of food,
Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,
And richer juices feed the swelling shoots:
So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.
But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live,
Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish,
Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views
All products of the teeming earth arise
In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid
Of culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears
Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain
Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change
Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,
In vigour thro' the perils of the year. [learn?
But new improvements curious wouldst thou
Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's* son,
Whose precepts, drawn from sage experience, claim
Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
First let the young agricolist be taught:
Then how to sow, and raise the embrio seeds
Of every different species. Nitre, fire,

* The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne, in Berkshire, in his Horse-hoeing Husbandry; or an Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage.

Air, water, earth, their various powers combine
In vegetation; but the genuine food
Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
Their strength, and substance. Nitre first prepares
And separates the concreted parts: which then
The watery vehicle assumes, and thro'
Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtile air,
Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.
Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
Is earth's inverted surface. This the swain,
By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit
For due reception of the fibrous roots:
But from the streams of ordure, from the stench
Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes
Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
As well might virgin innocence preserve
Her purity from taint amid the stews.
Defile not then the freshness of thy field
With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough,
The hoe, the harrow, and the roller, lend
Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
Turn it to catch the Sun's prolific ray,
The' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews,
And every influence of indulgent Heaven.
These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
And toil's unceasing hand full well supply
The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.
Thus taught the Shalborne swain; who first with skill
Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough;
Who first his seed committed to the ground.

Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
In just proportion and in even rows;
Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval,
To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
His new machine;† form'd to exterminate
The weedy race, (intruders who devour
But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil,
Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
And to its last perfection raise the crop.
He taught, alas, but practis'd ill the lore
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,
His own philosophy disgracing, brought
Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.
Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth;
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease,
Him sordidness and penury surround,
Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
From labour sees. Accumulated filth
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
Spring up unchecck'd: the nettle and the dock,
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
By hunger prompted, pluck the' alluring fruit!

† The hoe plough.

Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
Ah, why so near the path of innocents, [wise.
Should spring their bane? but thou alone art
Thus hath the faithful muse his lore pursu'd,
Who, trusting to the culture of his plough,
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith:
Experience to experience oft oppos'd
Leaves truth uncertain. See, what various crops,
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields
On Thames' prolific bank. On culture's hand
Alone do these horticulists rely?
Or do they owe to London's rich manure
Those products which its crowded markets fill?
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,
Have spread the glory of their gardens wide,
A theme of wonder to the distant swain.
Hence the piazza'd square,* where erst, embower'd
In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;
Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,
Each various esculent the teeming earth
In every changing season can produce.
Join then with culture the prolific strength
Of such manure as best inclines to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marle appoint
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling tan†

* Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

† The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is

Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,
Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,
From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil,
Their nitrous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
From its black sediment; and from the street
Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
Of unripe weeds,* afford a cool manure.
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,
From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught:
This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
Thro' chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.
But if nor oily marle, nor crumbling tan,
Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
Nor weed, nor ocean's sand, can lend its aid,
Then, farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,
The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pulse,
Beans, buckwheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;
These early reapt, and bury'd in the soil,
Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprung.
Or sow the bulbous turnip; this shall yield
Sweet pasture to the flocks or lowing herds,
And well prepare thy land for future crops.
Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
Thy products from invasion, and divide

frequently made use of for hot-beds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardiners tan.

* If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

For various use th' appropriated fields,
Disdain not thou to learn. For this, the sloe,
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
Their branches, and their different merits boast.
But from the nursery thou with care select
Quick hawthorn sets, well rooted, smooth and
straight:
Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side,
Let rise in height the sloping bank: there plant
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
From each to each, in beds of richest mould.
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend
Thy infant shoots from depredation deep,
At proper distance drive stiff oaken stakes;
Which interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
Frustrate the nibbling flock, or browsing herd.
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,
Or choke, by covering from the vital air,
The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,
Soon shall they rise, and to the field afford
A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
Here, by security invited, build
Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer
With melody; the hand of lovely May
Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mixt
With stocks of knotted crab, ingrafted fruits,
When Autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.
But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.
From seeds, or suckers, layers, or sets, arise
Their various tribes; for now exploded stands
The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,
To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,

In fancy's eye beholds his future race
Rejoicing in the shades their grandsire gave;
Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,
In distant ages, Britain's naval power:
Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
A shelter'd nursery; well from weeds, from shrubs,
Cleard'd by the previous culture of the plough,
From cattle fene'd, and every peeling tooth.
Then from the summit of the fairest tree
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills
On nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care
Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce,
Or vermin who devour. The wintery months
In embrio close the future forest lies,
And waits for germination: but in spring,
When their green heads first rise above the earth,
And ask thy fostering hand; then to the roots
The light soil gently move, and strew around
Old leaves or litter'd straw, to screen from heat
The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,
Or starve the nurselings they pretend to shade.
When now four summers have beheld their youth
Attended in the nursery, then transplant,
The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
Is destined to uprear its leafy head.
Avoid the error of impatience. He
Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade
His hands shall raise, removes at vast expense
Tall trees, with envy and regret shall see
His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copse.
But if thy emulation's generous pride
Would boast the largest timber straight and strong!

Thick let the seedlings in their native beds
Stand unremov'd; so shall each lateral branch,
Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
The towering stem: and they whose vigorous [health
Exalts above the rest their lofty heads,
Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
While the week puny race, obscur'd below,
Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.
  Nor small the praise the skilful planter claims
From his befriended country. Various arts
Borrow from him materials. The soft beech,
And close-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,
And with a thousand implements supply
Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the yew
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
The cabinet. Smooth linden best obeys
The carver's chisel; best his curious work
Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—
Ah, why should birch supply the chair? since oft
Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending ash
Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.
To weave our baskets the soft osier lends
His pliant twigs: staves that nor shrink nor swell,
The cooper's close-wrought cask to chesnut owes.
The sweet-leav'd walnut's undulated grain,
Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
Its varying beauties. The tall towering elm,
Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams
Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;
Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.
And last the oak, king of Britannia's woods,

And guardian of her isle! whose sons robust,
The best supporters of incumbent weight,
Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
Of strength immense: or in the bounding deep
The loose foundations lay of floating walls,
Impregnably secure. But sunk, but fallen
From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!
Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
The Druid erst his solemn rites perform'd,
And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,
Where are your beauties fled? Where but to serve
Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
Her naked forests longing for your shade.
The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,
O prince belov'd! for thee, more nobly born
Than for thyself alone, the patriot work
Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
The fair occasion to remotest time
Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!
So shall thy country's rising fleets to thee
Owe future triumph; so her naval strength,
Supported from within, shall fix thy claim
To ocean's sovereignty; and to thy ports,
In every climate of the peopled Earth,
Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.
Let then the great ambition fire thy breast,
For this, thy native land; replace the lost
Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
Let Thames once more on Windsor's lofty hills
Survey young forests planted by thy hand.
Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold
The Spaniard's terror* rise renew'd. And Trent

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet in 1588, called the Invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.
O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.
Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!
I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within!
And all-obedient to the ruling god,
The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.
And hence, disdaining low and trivial things,
Why should I tell of him whose obvious art,
To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks
A hollow trench, which, arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, furze or broom,
And surface'd o'er with earth, in secret streams
Draws its collected moisture from the glebe?
Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,
Too dry to bear the Sun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious springs,
Which, led in winding currents thro' the mead,
Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,
While wither'd plants reviving smile around?
But sing, O Muse! the swain, the happy swain,
Whom taste and nature leading o'er his fields,
Conduct to every rural beauty. See!
Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,
Here gently rising, there descending slow

Thro' the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
And weeping willows bend to kiss the stream.
Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now
Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
Where yellow cowslips and the blushing pink,
Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.
Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits
Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
Or from the gay espalier: while below,
His various esculents, from glowing beds
Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.
There from his forming hand new scenes arise,
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.
Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,
Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves;
The mansion seeming of some rural god,
Whom nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.
From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below
Their downward shadows in the glassy wave,
What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye!
Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,
And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,
To prop the canopy of Heaven. Now lost
Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,
The golden orange, arbute ever green,
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,
Fair opulus,* to Spring, to Autumn dear,

* The Gelder rose.

And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
From soft acacia's gently-waving branch,
Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents
Of sweet-briar, roses, honeysuckles wild,
Regale the smell; and to the' enchanted eye
Mezereon's purple, laurustinus' white,
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers display
Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn [grass
His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,
In meditation deep:—When hark! the sound
Of distant water steals upon his ear;
And sudden opens to his pausing eye
The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock
Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:
Then glides away, meandring o'er the lawn,
A liquid surface; shining seen afar,
At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees;
Till lost and buried in the distant grove.
Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
Beneath the covert of embowering shades;
And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.
  Genius of gardens; Nature's fairest child!
Thou, who, inspir'd by the directing mind
Of Heaven, didst plan the scenes of Paradise;
Thou at whose bidding rose the' Hesperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Castalian springs, and all the enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: Oh where hast thou been hid?
For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown?
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore
Of Britain's beauteous isle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join
To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,
And give thy varying landscapes every charm.

Drive then Batavia's* monsters from our shades;
Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.
Banish the regular deformity
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorr'd
In Nature's free plantations; and restore
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
The calm serene recess of thoughtful man,
In meditation's silent sacred hour.
And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land.
Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade
To Nature introduc'd the goddess woo'd,
And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
The calm retreat, where wearied majesty,
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,
Steals a few moments to indulge his own,
On Oatland's brow, where grandeur sits enthron'd,
Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale
Of Esher, where the mole glides lingering, loath
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.
In Woburn's† ornamented fields, where gay
Variety, where mingled lights and shades, [break,
Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects
With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye.
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
Where thro' romantic scenes of hanging woods,
And valleys green, and rocks, and hollow dales,

* The taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

† Mr. Southcote's.

While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,
Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
Its master, who, inspir'd with all thy art,
Adds beauties to what Nature plan'd so fair.
  Hail, sweet retirement! wisdom's peaceful seat!
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
The' Athenian* sage his happy followers taught,
That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious Heaven!
How worthy thy divine beneficence,
This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,
Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
O might I hear, thro' time's long tract convey'd,
The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!
And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
Such the divine enchantment of the Muse,
I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.
'The end of life is happiness; the means
That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.
From the vain phantoms of delusive fear,
Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes
Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons, [fear
From error's darkening clouds, from groundless
Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,
Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude
Establish in your breasts her stedfast throne;
So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:
Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,
Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.
The golden curb of temp'rance next prepare,

* Epicurus; who, on account of teaching in his garden, was called the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples, the Philosophers of the Garden.

To rein the' impctuous sallies of desire.
He who the kindling sparks of anger checks,
Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament
Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
When public clamours rise Who cautious turns
From lewd temptation smiling in the eye
Of wantonness, hath burst the golden bands
Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
From early feebleness, and dire disease.
Who lets the griping hand of av'rice pinch
To narrow selfishness the social heart;
Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,
From their divine exertions in his breast.
And see my friends, this garden's little bound,
So small the wants of nature, well supplies
Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream
The hand of moderation fills a cup,
To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,
Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd
With turbid violence, the veins distend.
Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.
Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,
Enjoy the heavenly Venus* of these shades,
Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,
From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free,

* He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus Celestis, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his doctrine.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fuller's-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer's herbs. Esculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products Of horses. The draught-horse—road-horse—hunter—race horse—and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the prince to prefer the arts of peace to those of war.

While thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,
With still-approaching step, and levell'd stroke,
The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of Time.
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.
Wide o'er the field their labour seeming sport,
They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,
Borne on the wings of Zephyr; whose soft gale,
Now while the' ascending Sun's bright beam exhales
The grateful sweetness of the new mown hay,
Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.
And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
Resound with merriment. The simple jest,
The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts
Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,

Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the Sun,
The plain repast, and wholesome bev'rage cheer
Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,
To social labour: soon the ponderous wain
Moves slowly onward with its fragrant load,
And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
The magazines of plenty, to ensure
From Winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.
But do the threat'ning clouds precipitate
Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
Ere the Sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?
Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd
With sudden inundation? Ah, with care
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,
Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,
Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,
In flames resistless, thy collected store.
This dire disaster to avoid, prepare
A hollow basket, or the concave round
Of some capacious vessel; to its sides
Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,
Place the obtrusive barrier; rising still
As they advance, by its united bands,
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst
An empty space, the cooling air draws in,
And from the flame, or from offensive taints
Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.
And now the ruler of the golden day,

From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense;
While Ceres on the ripening field looks down
In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
The end of all his toil, and its reward,
The farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend
His fervent prayer; restrain the tempest's rage;
The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast
The products of the labouring year destroy!
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
In ready ranks the' impatient reapers stand,
Arm'd with the scythe or sickle:—echoes shrill
Of winding horns, the shouts and hallooings loud
Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
Float in the gale melodious, but invade
His frighted sense with dread. Near and more near
Th' unwelcome sounds approach; and sudden o'er
His fence the tall stag bounds: in close pursuit
The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack
Burst unresisted thro' the yielding hedge.
In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims:
The ruin of his crop in vain laments:
Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field
In cruel exultation; trampling down
Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
The peace, the comfort of his future year.
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear
Thy insults, thy injustice to the poor?
When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
The sweet sensations of humanity?
  Yet all are not destroyers: some unspoil'd
By fortune still preserve a feeling heart.
And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.

Here stands in comely order on the plain,
And cluster'd sheaves, the king of golden corn,
Unbearded wheat, support of human life:
There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
Grain which the reapers care solicits best
By tempting promises of potent beer,
The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil:
The poor man's clammy fare* the sickle reaps;
The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
The mid-day Sun; the laughing hinds rejoice;
Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye
Looks with indulgence on the gleaning poor.
At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,
Nods the last load along the shouting field.
Now to the God of harvest in a song
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,
With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear
The gratulations of assisting swains
Are music. His exulting soul expands:
He presses every aiding hand; he bids
The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree,
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
A free libation to the' immortal gods,
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.
  Hail, favour'd island! happy region, hail!
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
Enrich the fertile glebe; blessing thy sons
With various products, to the life of man
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,

* Rye, of which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapness.

The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
Delicious bev'rage. Thine on Cantium's hills,
The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft, in pendent clusters; which in malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught. Thine too the plant,
To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets
Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,
Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's* tribe,
To' enfold in softness beauty's lovely limbs,
Present their woven texture; and from whence,
A second birth, grows the papyrean leaf,†
A tablet firm, on which the painter-bard
Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.
With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine
Thy fossil treasures rise. The blazing hearths,
From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
Of fuel boast. Thy oil-imbibing earth,‡
The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;
With lime its close concomitant. The hills,
The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,

* Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

† The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is derived the present name of our material called paper.

‡ Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,
In safety clothe. Devonia's ancient mines,
Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons
To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou
Thine honour'd name* deriv'st. Nor want'st thou
Of that all-useful metal, the support [store
Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise
In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat
Melts the hard mass; which flows, an iron stream,
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,
A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

But the glad Muse, from subterranean caves
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
What numerous products still remain unsung.
With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering woods
To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
The cloven-footed race, in various herds,
Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st

* The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the land or country of tin: which being softened by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the isles of Scilly, Cassiterides, which signifies, in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician. *Rapin.*

The yellow-staining weed, luteola;*
The glastum brown,† with which thy naked sons
In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
Nor the rich rubia‡ does thine hand withhold.
  Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood.
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
The' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours tempt
The' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast,
  Nor hath the god of physic and of day
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
Their various energies to every herb
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
With their cephalic virtues. He the root
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower

* Weld, commonly called dyer's weed.

† Woad.

‡ Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in king Charles the First's time that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand pounds a year.

Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep
With powers carminative. In every brake
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
To aid digestion's sickly powers, refine.
The smooth althæa* its balsamic wave
Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons.
Hypericum,† beneath each shelt'ring bush,
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.
Lo, from thy baum's exhilarating leaf,
The moping fiend, black Melancholy, flies;
And burning Febris, with its lenient flood
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow [boast
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st
The blessed thistle,‡ whose rejective power
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee
The rose, the violet, their emollient leaves
On every bush, on every bank, display.

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
The copious blessings, which thy envied sons,
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war;

* Marsh-mallows. † St. John's wort.
‡ Carduus, called by physical writers carduus benedictus.

Nor black contagion's pestilential breath; [towns,
Nor rending Earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks,
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,
Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
Of its enormous unresisting gripe.
  But further now in vegetation's paths,
Thro' cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops,
The wearied Muse forbears to wind her walk.
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
And let the listening hinds instructed hear
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.
  Lo! on the side of yonder slanting hill,
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks
Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
Afraid, he shelters from the rising Sun,
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
The' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food
Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,
To' enrich the' exhausted soil: defending safe
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,
Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
Studious explores the latent ills which prey
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint

To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off
In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous
Assault the harmless race; but chief the fiend
Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
In patches lost; if the dejected eye
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;
The best expedient to restore that health
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
Deny their aid, he speedily prepares
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mixt,
A powerful remedy; which from an horn
Injected, stops the dangerous malady.

Refulgent summer now his hot domain
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins
His backward journey. Now beneath the Sun
Mellowing their fleeces for the' impending shears,
The woolly people in full clothing sweat:
When the smooth current of a limpid brook
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
The frighted innocents, their whitening robes

In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline;
Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dews
Perspiring soft, again thro' all the fleece
Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain
Prepares the' elastic shears, and gently down
The patient creature lays; divesting soon
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.
O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
More precious, more important is the fleece!
This, this the solid base on which the sons
Of commerce build, exalted to the sky,
The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and power!
Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
To Earth descending in a radiant cloud,
Britannia seiz'd the' invaluable spoil.
To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair Commerce rode
Sublime, the goddess of the watry world,
On every coast, in every clime ador'd.
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
Britannia hail'd, and beckon'd to her shore
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,
From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw
What mighty honours to her name should rise,
She beam'd a gracious smile. The' obedient winds,
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place
The Muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
Which here commenc'd, to time's remotest age,
Shall bear the glory of the British sail.
Cautious and fearful some in early spring

Recruit their flocks; as then the wintry storms
Their tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
In fruitful autumn stocks the bleating field
With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
Yet not too early to the genial sport
Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast
Commemorate the deed, lest the cold hand
Of Winter pinch too hard the new-yean'd lamb.
  How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
When fixing on the sire to raise his flock!
His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys!
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad,
Give indication of internal strength:
Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;
So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,
And less the hazard of the teeming ewe:
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
Thick, shining, white, his fleece, his hazel eye
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns
You choose, not straight, but curving round and round
On either side his head. These the sole arms
His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
When love, all powerful, swells his breast, and pours
Into his heart new courage, these he aims
With meditated fury at his foe.
  In glowing colours, here the tempted Muse
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
The rival rams, opposing front to front,
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.
But as deterr'd by the superior bard,

Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
My feebler combatants appall'd retreat.
At leisure now; O let me once again,
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
The lowing kine, see, at their custom'd hour,
Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
Exhausts the swelling udder. Vessels large
And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd,
Mean while, in decent order rang'd appear,
The milky treasure, strain'd thro' filtering lawn,
Intended to receive. At early day,
Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
There from the surface of expanded bowls
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,
Though soft her hand, tho' delicate her frame,
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
Continu'd agitation separates soon
The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes
And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,
She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and
To one consistent golden mass, receives [press'd
The sprinkled seasoning, and of pats, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.

Is cheese her care? warm from the teat she pours
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
From the dried stomach drawn of suckling calf,
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,
The size and fashion which her taste approves,
She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;
And the strong press establishes its form.
But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
The jelly'd cream or custard, dantiest food,
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,
For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak:
Down to their frugal board contentment sits,
And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie
The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
Variety, which idlers to their aid
Call in, to make the length of lazy life
Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
Her children and her dairy, well divide
The' appropriated hours, and duty makes
Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives
Each busy season of the rolling year,
To raise, to feed, to' improve the generous horse,
And fit for various use his strength or speed.

Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
The burthen'd carriage; or to drudge beneath
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.
Yet, straining in the' enormous cars which crowd
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
What noble beasts are seen! sweating beneath
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!
See ye not every sinew, every nerve [Muse
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains!—but the
Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye,
Frowning indignant. Steeds of hardier kind,
And cool, tho' sprightly, to the travell'd road
He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.
But not alone to these inferior tribes
The' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.
Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs:
Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
And all impatient for the well-known sport,
Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
Pursues with voluntary speed the chase.
See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
Nor headlong steeps deter the vigorous steed:

Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.
  Easy in motion, perfect in his form,
His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
He the fleet courser, too, exulting shows,
And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
His lively head, and glowing in his eye
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
With ease the ambient air. His body firm
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.
His limbs, tho' slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race,
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips,
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.
  But lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions! See! exulting in his strength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
Courage enthroned sits, and animates
His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest;
His mane, loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Clothing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Disdainful seems to tread the sordid earth,
Yet hears he and obeys his master's voice,
All gentleness, and feels, with conscious pride,
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand:

But when the battle's martial sounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire
Burst thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all-inspir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems
Impatient to express his swelling joys
Unutterable. On danger's brink he stands,
And mocks at fear. Then springing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies
Before his dreadful front: and in his rear
Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,
Such was the steed thou, Cumberland, bestrod'st,
When black rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
On great Culloden's memorable field.
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the throne
Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd,
And such, O prince! great patron of my theme,
Should e'er insidious France again presume
On Europe's freedom, such, tho' all averse
To slaughtering war, thy country shall present
To bear her hero to the martial plain,
Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause
Ne'er shall ambition's sophistry persuade
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace;
Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws;
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
To dreadful war, the British lion's rage.
But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile

Of thy indulgence, the protected arts
Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd sail
Fair commerce spreading to remotest climes;
And plenty rising from the' encourag'd plough;
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.

SELECT POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET;

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. JOHNSON.

THE

LIFE OF MALLET.

OF DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account than such as is supplied by the unauthorized loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge.

He was by his original one of the Macgregors, a clan, that became, about sixty years ago, under the conduct of Robin Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and when they were all to denominate themselves anew, the father, I suppose, of this author, called himself Malloch.

David Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the high school at Edinburgh; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear. But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune; for, when the duke of Montrose applied to the college of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, Malloch was recommended; and I never heard that he dishonoured his credentials.

When his pupils were sent to see the world, they were entrusted to his care; and, having conducted them round the common circle of modish travels, he returned with them to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he resided, he naturally gained admission to many persons of the

highest rank, and the highest character; to wits, nobles, and statesmen.

His first production was 'William and Margaret;' of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.

Not long afterwards he published the 'Excursion' (1728); a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to describe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of his images are striking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant. The cast of diction seems to be copied from Thomson, whose 'Seasons' were then in their full blossom of reputation.

His poem on 'Verbal Criticism' (1733) was written to pay court to Pope, on a subject which he either did not understand, or willingly misrepresented; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise,

His first tragedy was 'Eurydice,' acted at Drury Lane in 1731.

About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his 'Essay on Man,' but concealed the author; and, when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an 'Essay on Man,' which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1750) for the press, Mallet was employed to

prefix a Life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that, when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. Thomson likewise had a pension; and they were associated in the composition of 'The Masque of Alfred,' which, in its original state, was played at Cliefden in 1740; it was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury Lane in 1751, but with no great success.

Mallet, in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the Life of Marlborough, let him know, that, in the series of great men quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a niche* for the hero of the Theatre. Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced: but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. "Mr. Mallet," says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, "have you left off to write for the stage?" Mallet then confessed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promised to act it; and 'Alfred' was produced.

The long retardation of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough shows, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity; and the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to lord Molesworth, who had

been his favourite in Flanders. When Molesworth died, the same papers were transferred, with the same design, to Sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigencies put them in pawn. They remained with the old Duchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain, the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he had made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind him.

While he was in the Prince's service he published 'Mustapha,' with a Prologue by Thomson, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet for 'Agamemnon.' The Epilogue, said to be written by a friend, was composed in haste by Mallet, in the place of one promised, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the Prince his master. It was acted at Drury Lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already mentioned, 'The Masque of Alfred,' in conjunction with Thomson.

For some time afterwards he lay at rest. After a long interval, his next work was 'Amyntor and Theodora' (1747), a long story in blank verse; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy. This he sold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds.

Mallet, by address or accident, perhaps by his dependance on the Prince, found his way to Bolingbroke; a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that

Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorized pamphlet called 'The Patriot King,' Bolingbroke, in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet (1749) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he supposed, in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to arbitrators; but when they decided against Mallet, he refused to yield to the award; and by the help of Miller the bookseller, published all that he could find, but with success very much below his expectation.

In 1755, his masque of 'Britannia' was acted at Drury Lane; and his tragedy of 'Elvira' in 1763; in which year he was appointed keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London.

In the beginning of the last war,* when the nation was exasperated by ill success, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation under the character of a 'Plain Man.' The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765.

He was twice married, and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Cilesia, wrote a tragedy called 'Almida,' which was acted at Drury Lane. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's stew-

* The war of 1756.

ard, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His stature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour
  When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
  And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
  Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
  That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
  When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
  When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
  That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
  Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
  Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
  She died before her time.

'Awake! (she cried) thy true love calls,
  Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
  Thy love refus'd to save.

'This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

'Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

'Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

'How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

'Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

'That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

'The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

'But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!—
Come see, false man! how low she lies
Who died for love you.'

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!*

* In a comedy of Fletcher, called 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' old Merrythought enters, repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote: and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to met with These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem. *Mallet.*

EDWIN AND EMMA.*

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. SHAKSP. *Twelfth Night.*

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

* *Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.*

'Worthy Sir.

'As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time: I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.—The family-name of the young man was Wrightson, of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.' The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
  Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
  To see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
  Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
  When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
  This charmer of the plains;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
  To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with despair,
And though by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not she was fair;

the Sunday sen'night after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late: but her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was hurst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in, the same grave, March 15, 1714.

'I am,
'Dear Sir,
'Your's, &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!
  A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
  Was quickly too reveal'd!
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
  That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
  Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
  Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
  Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
  Each darker art employ'd:

The father too, a sordid man!
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
  And seen it long unmov'd,
Then, with a father's frown, at last
  Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
  Of differing passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
  Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
  The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
  Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
  Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
  The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
  A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
  Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
  Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
  And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past, (he cried)—but if your souls
  Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
  What they must ever love.'

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
  And bathed with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
  A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,—
  'My Edwin! live for me.'

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
  The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
  Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
  Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
  His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
  The visionary vale—
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
  Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
  Her aged mother's door—
'He's gone! (she cried) and I shall see
  That angel-face no more!

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart
  Beat high against my side—'
From her white arm down sunk her head
  She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE EXCURSION.*

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning, Fancy continues her excursion: first northward—a view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—from thence southward. a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects, at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
Imagination! at whose great command

* This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, (which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse,) is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—
To yon expanse of plains where Truth delights,
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground,
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.
  Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding through the gloom:
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and the' incumbent hag,
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reason slumbering lies: at once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.
  And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,
While shade and silence yet involve the ball:

Now sacred Morn, ascending smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world:
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues: at her approach,
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow reddens into flame; the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires, and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky; the' uncolour'd stream
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song: from each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn;
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake or cavern slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing: rapture in his eye
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up: the village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil;
The labourer here with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The traveller, too, pursues his early road
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,
And all the living landscape moves around.
  But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold, [hold!
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes; be-
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of Glory!—round his head divine
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up rising fair,
He looks abroad on Nature; and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea and sky,
In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay.
  From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
Half-way up Heaven, ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
From hence the' aërial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread;
Solemn recess! whose solitary walks
Fair Truth and Wisdom love, the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisied vale;
The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,
Delighted range, serenc the soul; and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest Heaven, her thought; to Nature's Gon,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heaven and earth
Careless diffuses plentitude of bliss:
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day:
Obedient to his nod, alternate Night
Obscures the world: the seasons, at his call,
Succeed in train, and lead the Year around.
While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing lend;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her [pow'rs
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which Vice ne'er knew! health of the'enliven'd soul,
And Heaven on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.
Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,

Sick Nature pants; and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.
And see, exhaling from the' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters! distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud,
Then rolling dust along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
Lo! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve
Haste, from the hour of terror and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world; the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil; and, lo! at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, resound:
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears,
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom.
Hark! through the'aërial vault the storm, inflam'd,
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst;
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires; surpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heav'n,
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
Thy hand though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists

Fast-rising to his ray, till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles, reviv'd.
  At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to Heaven: on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the valleys lowe.
So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore:
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure; part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening-clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful fancy lists; till late, the sun
From human eye behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, the' aërial landscape fades.
  Distinction fails, and in the darkening west
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now the' illusive flame, oft seen at eve
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,

In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on Heaven!
  Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt; and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff [gloom.
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the
  Behind me rises huge a reverend pile,
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:
Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whose monumental flattery mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd;
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder aisle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
  Hail, midnight shades! hail, venerable dome!

By age more venerable; sacred shore,
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace; the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here:
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears the' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost!
  But, at near distance on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd
And fair inscription, where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round,
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of Heav'n
Profusely bless'd; all learning was his own;
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear:
His manners greatly plain: a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright:
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shun'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected; sympathizing, he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
  'Tis morning, and the Sun his welcome light
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,

Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides the' ungenial pow'r,
For ever silent, shivering and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the streights surmis'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds:
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd!
Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue Sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court:
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass, is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unbless'd
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with haggard gaze,
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.
From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations! in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
Her mighty continents outstretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend; and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late
Through untried oceans borne to shores unknown
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld

A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the Sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance, where soft Spring,
Lord of the year! indulges to each field
Thefanning breeze,live spring,and sheltering grove.
  In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads
Her round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire: dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze, her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure: yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.
  A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages in their subterranean bed,
Ferments the' approaching tempest. Vapoury steams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,

Their deadly breath apply. The' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes;
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare; while, from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.
  Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad gazing on the mournful skies around,
A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurried stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
This, that way, burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave; while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:
Ruin ensues; towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to Heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!
  Sight, full of fate! up from the centre torn
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs profound,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to Heaven rais'd high, imploring aid,
Prone to the' abyss descend, and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her pondrous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more; part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkness of the' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood,
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band; distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless; they pant, they catch
A gulph of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Falls undermin'd—Down, down the' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!
  How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown
White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges the' Almighty, and adores
His Will unerring, wisest, justest, best!
  The country mourns around with alter'd look:
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales

Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die:
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,
Steam'd from the' abyss, fly secret overhead,
Wounding the healtbful air, whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks;
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd:
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing rapt,
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
A while the fiery spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source! whence ocean fills
His numerous seas and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way
Up through the' unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,

With raving violence: and now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!
Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in sterile ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near;
Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke;
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth, where Uproar reigns:
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air:
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook;
Again with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,

Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.
  But see! in second pangs the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the' explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.
  Thus all day long; and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood: a dreadful pause ensues,
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene: suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold! from far,
Imploring Heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city stands, each sadden'd face [more
Turn'd toward the hill of fears; and hark! once
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War,
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once disploded, in one bursting peal

Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide: the labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain:
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The Sovereign Maker! first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways;
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd!

CANTO II.

Endless the wonders of creating Power
On earth, but chief on high thro' Heaven display'd;
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty Divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord!
To those bright climes, awakening all her pow'rs,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
Ascending soars on through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole the' aërial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or clouds,
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd
Nor foot of eagle trod, the' ethereal sphere
Receding, flies approach; its circling arch,
Alike remote, translucent, and serene:
Glorious expansion! by the' Almighty spread!—
Whose limits who hath seen? or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of Heaven around? [small
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable reign, vex'd with hourly change.
But here unruffled Calm her even reign

Maintains external; here the lord of day,
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source [streams
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain Orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame? in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure on the Sun
Pour'd out transcendent; those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the majesty of heav'n,
Brightness original! all bounteous king!
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face

Turns thitherward opaque; a space they brood
In congregated clouds, then breaking float
To all sides round: dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd, measuring thus the time
That round its axle whirls the radiant Orb.
  Fairest of beings! first-created Light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour drawn!
In thy pure shine with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes and motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.
  Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd;
Full in the middle path oblique she winds

Her annual orb ; and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer daylight, whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.
  Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the Sun;
About him round four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in the horizon slow ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
Of light itself; how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the Sun's height through unbounded space,
At once enlightening air, and earth, and Heav'n.
  Last, utmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
Faint-glimmering through the darkness Night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn ;

An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight
Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from the' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height, and at the' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off, till through the lucid round
In distant view the' illumin'd skies are seen.
Beauteous appearance! by the' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great universal Ruler! earth and Heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
See with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates; as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky.
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace
Descending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race: whose towering thought
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up, astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.——
But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of Heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void
Nor change nor error knows. But who their ways
By Reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare? What search shall find
Their times and seasons? their appointed laws,
Peculiar? their inhabitants of life,

And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising, and in fix'd degree,
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! Supreme,
First independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves;
Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of Heaven
Roaming the' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy Almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—with earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small,
Are almost lost to thought. The Sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine:
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host; nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the south of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky-Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to Heaven's extreme;
Distinguish'd tract! but as with upward flight
Soaring I gain the' immeasurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already past; now up to the' heights untried,
And of the' enlarging prospect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd; there a dying Sun
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick vapoury mists
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, dispreading slow
And deepening shade on shade, till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams!
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: Heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:
So this cerulean round, the work divine

Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods; where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through the' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky,
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths, without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne; of various face,
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers;
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embodied mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air;
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd,
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating Plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry Heaven, to scourge offending worlds!
But lo! where one from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
By some hid power attracted from his path;
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
The' exhausted orb; and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive thro' the gloom, and spreads,
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wandering at the morn's unhop'd return.
  In still amazement lost, the' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from heaven,
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching the' Almighty maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.
  Immortal natures! clothed with brightness round
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam;
Their will unerring, their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more:
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time:
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
The' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try
Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of Heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss.

To thousands: some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian-wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.
  Nor is the sovereign nor the' illustrious great
Alone their care: to every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult, from the proud oppressor's brow,
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
That busy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay for numerous wrongs
Meekness and charity: or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation; all these suns, [height,
With all their worlds: and still from height to
By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause who made, who governs all;
Fountain of being! self-existent Power!
All-wise, all-good! who from eternal age
Endures, and fills the' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits: undistinguish'd void.
Invariable, where no landmarks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

ON VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public; and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not hearing the least ill will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the town is almost daily pestered.

Among the numerous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote:
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel!
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.
In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write;
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece:
How oft in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain;
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white;
Hence, much hard study without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says—the noon-day sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Wynkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?
And he who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Wou'dbe pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created and yet rules the stage;
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew, in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay;
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay,
Now, eagle-wing'd his Heav'nward flight he takes,
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes;
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
Such was the poet; next the scholiast view;
Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He with low industry goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none;
His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound:
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;

With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind,
With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.*
Bless'd Genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace;
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis, (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare?)†
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before!‡
For this the scholiast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's name.
How justly, Pope! in this short story view,
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.
A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound and truth with rhetoric mixt,

* This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food: and the same author from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. 'You may see him (adds the Dutchman) frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink.' See A Collection of Voyages to the North.

† ——— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. VIRG.

‡ See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely man or woman spoke their mind:
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng,
(For as the theme was large their talk was long)
'Neighbours, (he cry'd) my conscience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.'

In this the critic's folly most is shown:
Is there a genius all unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read?
Himself, with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,
That writer he selects, with awkward aim,
His sense at once to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop with half a nose;
So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux;
Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
His genius social as his judgment clear,
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
His was the curious happiness of wit:
Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay;
Among the fair but just as wise as they;
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And but by books acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide;
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part; [head,
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ;
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
And Paradise by him is lost again.*
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see;
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,
Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.
Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human-kind to sound his praise
For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

* This sagacious scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits with his faults confest;
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd;
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
Let Cooke a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still: in this we see
The lackeys of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate,
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.
Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets;
The humble blackguards of a Pope and Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
What Capreæ's isles of V*'s alcove contains;
Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish to his father's wife alone;
Why those fond female visits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade;
How modern love has made so many martyrs,
And which keeps oft'nest, Lady C* or Chartres.
  But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,
To sum the libels Prynne or Withers wrote;
To guess, ere one Epistle* saw the light,
How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
That be the part of persevering Wasse,†
With pen of lead; or, Arnal! thine of brass;
A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.
  How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

* See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

† See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

Yet, Critics! would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,
First from the head a load of lumber move,
And from the volume all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense;
Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning or where taste presides,
And wit enlivens but what reason guides;
Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
Serious, not silly—sportive, but not vain;
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

SONGS.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.'

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda! timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er!
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'MARY SCOT.'

Where Thames, along the daisied meads,
His wave in lucid mazes leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing,
There in a safe though small retreat
Content and Love have fix'd their seat;
Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from jealousy, secure,
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning;
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED:

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
  In secret mine possess'd:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
  His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
  That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
  Whom Honour made sincere?

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
  And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall,
For, ah! no sighs the past recall;
  No cries awake the dead!

SELECT POEMS

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE personal history of Allan Ramsay is marked by few circumstances of striking interest; yet, independently of his poetry, he cannot be reckoned an insignificant individual who gave Scotland her first circulating library, and who established her first regular theatre. He was born on the 15th October, 1686, in the parish of Crawford Moor, in Lanarkshire, where his father had the charge of Lord Hopeton's lead mines. His mother, Alice Bower, was the daughter of an Englishman who had emigrated to that place from Derbyshire. By his paternal descent the poet boasts of having sprung from "a Douglas loin," but owing to the early death of his father, his education was confined to a parish school, and at the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice to the humble business of a wigmaker. On this subject, one of his Scottish biographers refutes, with some indignation, a report which had gone abroad, that our poet was bred a barber, and carefully instructs the reader, that in those good times, when a fashionable wig cost twenty guineas, the employment of manufacturing them was both lucrative and creditable. Ramsay, however, seems to have felt no ambition either for the honours or profits of the vocation, as he left it on finishing his apprenticeship. In his twenty-fourth year he married

the daughter of a writer or attorney, in Edinburgh. His eldest son rose to well known eminence as a painter.

Ramsay's first means of subsistence after his marriage, was to publish small poetical productions in a cheap form, which became so popular, that even in this humble sale he was obliged to call upon the magistrates to protect his literary property from the piracy of the hawkers. He afterwards set up as a bookseller, and published at his own shop, a new edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with two cantos of his own subjoined to the ancient original, which is ascribed to James I. of Scotland. A passage in one of those modern cantos of Ramsay's, describing a husband fascinated homewards from a scene of drunkenness by the gentle persuasions of his wife, has been tastefully selected by Wilkie, and been made the subject of his admirable pencil. In 1724 he published a collection of popular Scottish songs, called the Tea-table Miscellany, which speedily ran through twelve impressions. Ruddiman assisted him in the glossary, and Hamilton of Bangour, and Mallet, were among the contributors to his modern songs. In the same year appeared his Evergreen, a collection of pieces from the Bannatyne MSS. written before the year 1600.

Here the vanity of adorning what it was his duty to have faithfully transcribed, led him to take many liberties with the originals; and it is pretty clear that one poem, viz. the Vision, which he pretended to have found in ancient manuscript, was the fruit of his own brain. But the Vision, considered as his own, adds a plume to his poetical character, which may overshadow his defects as an editor.

In 1726 he published his Gentle Shepherd. The first rudiments of that pleasing drama had been given to the public in two pastoral dialogues, which were so much liked, that his friends exhorted him to extend them into a regular play. The reception

of this piece soon spread his reputation beyond Scotland. His works were reprinted at Dublin, and became popular in the colonies. Pope was known to admire the Gentle Shepherd, and Gray, when he was in Scotland, sought for explanations of its phrases, that he might communicate them to his friend at Twickenham. Ramsay's shop was a great resort of the congenial fabulist while he remained in Edinburgh; and from its windows, which overlooked the Exchange, the Scottish poet used to point out to Gay the most remarkable characters of the place. A second volume of his poems appeared in 1728, and in 1730 he published a collection of fables.

The tenth edition of his pastoral comedy was printed in an elegant form at Glasgow, in 1750. It has since passed through many editions, some of greater, and some of less elegance and accuracy.

It has been the fate of Ramsay, as it was of Terence, and has been of many eminent modern poets, to have his fame lessened by detraction. Scipio and Lælius are said to have had a large share in the composition of Terence's plays. Sir John Clerk and Sir William Bennet are alleged, with less plausibility, to have assisted Ramsay in his Gentle Shepherd: by some, the credit of the authorship is wholly denied him. But it has been well observed by the late Lord Hailes, "that they who attempt to depreciate his fame, by insinuating that his friends and patrons composed the works which pass under his name, ought first to prove that his friends and patrons were capable of composing the Gentle Shepherd."

About the age of forty-five he ceased to write for the public. The most remarkable circumstance of his life, was an attempt which he made to establish a theatre in Edinburgh. He had been always fond of the drama, and had occasionally supplied prologues to the players who visited the northern

capital. But though the age of fastidiousness was wearing away, it had not yet suffered the drama to have a settled place of exhibition in Scotland; and when Ramsay had, with great expense, in the year 1736, fitted up a theatre in Carubber's Close, the act for licensing the stage, which was passed in the following year, gave the magistrates of Edinburgh a power of shutting it up, which they exerted with gloomy severity. Such was the popular hatred of play-houses in Scotland at this period, that some time afterwards, the mob at Glasgow demolished the first play-house that was erected in their city; and though the work of destruction was accomplished in daylight by many hundreds, it was reckoned so godly, that no reward could bribe any witness to appear or inform against the rioters. Ten years from the date of this disappointment, Ramsay had the satisfaction of seeing dramatic entertainments freely enjoyed by his fellow citizens; but in the mean time he was not only left without legal relief for his own loss in the speculation, (having suffered what the Scotch law denominated a "damnum sine injuria,") but he was assailed with libels on his moral character, for having endeavoured to introduce the "hell-bred play-house comedians."

He spent some of the last years of his life in a house of whimsical construction, on the north side of the Castle hill of Edinburgh, where the place of his residence is still distinguished by the name of the Ramsay Garden. A scurvy in his gums put a period to his life in his seventy-second year. He died at Edinburgh, on the seventh January, 1758, and was interred in the Grey-Friars church-yard. He seems to have possessed the constitutional philosophy of good humour. His genius gave him access to the society of those who were most distinguished for rank and talents in his native country, but his intercourse with them was marked by no servility, and never seduced him from the the quiet attention to

trade, by which he ultimately secured a moderate independence.

Ramsay left behind him so many intimations, with regard to his person and his character, that the diligent biographer has more to compile than to conjecture: of himself, his vanity delighted to speak:

> Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
> Am five foot and four inches high:
> A black a-vice dapper fellow,
> Nor lean, nor overlaid with tallow.

As he advanced in years, his appearance no doubt changed. He is described, by those who remember him, as a squat man, with a big belly, and a smiling countenance, who wore a fair round wig, which was rather short. He described himself at a different period, when his vanity was studious to tell,

> ——— I the best and fairest please;
> A little man that lo'es my ease;
> And never thole these passions lang,
> That rudely mint to do me wrang.

With all his socialness and conviviality, he never indulged to excess in the pleasures of the table:

> I hate a drunkard, or a glutton;
> Yet, I'm nae fae to wine and mutton.
> Then, for the fabric of my mind,
> 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd;
> I rather choose to laugh at folly,
> Than show dislike by melancholy.

He has furnished also himself some interesting traits of his mature years, in the following verses, found after his death, in the hands of the friend to whom he addressed them.

> Born to not e'en ae inch of ground,
> I keep my conscience white and sound;
> And tho' I ne'er was a rich keeper,
> To make that up, I live the cheaper;
> By that ae knack, I've made a shift
> To drive ambitious cares adrift:

And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
Frae shackling trade and danger free;
That I may loose frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life,
And, when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave;
Now, seventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty mare may lay me dead.

The story of the Gentle Shepherd, is fitted to excite the warmest interest, because the situations into which the characters are thrown, are strongly affecting, whilst they are strictly consonant to nature and probability. The whole of the fable is authorized by the circumstances of the times, in which the action of the piece is laid; the era of Cromwell's usurpation, when many loyal subjects, sharing the misfortunes of their exiled sovereign, were stripped of their estates, and then left to the neglect and desolation of forfeiture. The necessity under which those unhappy sufferers often lay, of leaving their infant progeny under the charge of some humble but attached dependant, till better days should dawn upon their fortunes; the criminal advantages taken by false friends, in usurping the rights of the sufferers, and securing themselves against future question by deeds of guilt; these circumstances, too well founded in truth and nature, are sufficient to account for every particular in this most interesting drama, and give it perfect verisimilitude.

The persons of the Scottish pastoral are the actual inhabitants of the country where the scene is laid; their manners are drawn from nature with a faithful pencil. The contrast of the different characters is happily imagined, and supported with consummate skill.

Patie, of a cheerful and sanguine temperament;

spirited, yet free from vain ambition; contented with his humble lot; endowed by nature with a superior understanding, and feeling in himself those sure sources of satisfaction which are independent of the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune. Roger, of a grave and phlegmatic constitution; of kind affections, but of that ordinary turn of mind, which is apt to suppose some necessary connection between the possession of wealth and felicity. The former, from native dignity of character, assuming a bold pre-eminence, and acting the part of a tutor and counsellor to his friend, who bends, though with some reluctance, to the authority of a nobler mind. The principal female characters are contrasted with similar skill, and equal power of discrimination. Peggy, beautiful in person as in mind, endowed with every quality that can adorn the character of woman; gentle, tender-hearted, constant in affection, free from vanity as from caprice; of excellent understanding; judging of others by the criterion of her own innocent mind, and therefore forming the most amiable views of human nature. Jenny, sensible and affectionate, sprightly and satirical, possessing the ordinary qualities of her sex, self-love, simulation, and the passion of conquest; and pleased with exercising a capricious dominion over the mind of a lover; judging of mankind rather from the cold maxims of instilled prudential caution, than from native suggestions of the heart. A contrast of characters strongly and skilfully opposed, and therefore each most admirably fitted to bring the other into full display.

The subordinate persons of the drama are drawn with equal skill, and fidelity to their prototypes. Glaud and Symon are the genuine pictures of the old Scottish yeomanry, the Lothian farmers of the last age, in their manners, sentiments, and modes of life; humble, but respectable; homely, yet

comfortable. The episode of Baulby, while it gives a pleasing variety, without interrupting the principal action, serves to introduce a character of a different species, as a foil to the honest and simple worth of the former. It paints in strong colours, and exposes to merited reprobation and contempt, that low and sordid mind which seeks alone the gratification of its own desires, though purchased by the misery of the object of its affection. Bauldy congratulates himself on the cruel disappointment of Pegg's love;—"*I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane this night;*" and judges her present situation of deep distress to be the most favourable moment for preferring his own suit. His punishment, as it is suitable to his demerits, gives entire satisfaction.

The charm of the Gentle Shepherd arises equally from the nature of the passions which are there delineated, and the engaging simplicity and truth with which their effects are described. The poet paints an honourable and virtuous affection, between a youthful pair of the most amiable character; a passion, indulged, on each side, from the purest and most disinterested motives, surmounting the severest of all trials—the unexpected elevation of the lover to a rank which, according to the maxims of the world, would preclude the possibility of union; and crowned at length by the delightful and most unlooked for discovery, that this union is not only equal, as to the condition of the parties, but is an act of retributive justice. In the anxious suspense that precedes this discovery, the conflict of generous passions in the breasts of the two lovers, is drawn with consummate art, and gives rise to a scene of the utmost tenderness and the most pathetic interest.

In the faithful painting of rustic life, Ramsay seems to have been indebted to his own situation, and early habits, as well as to the want of a learned education. He was familiarly acquainted with

rural nature, from actual observation; and his own impressions were not weakened or altered by much acquaintance with the classical commonplaces, or with those artificial pictures which are presented by the poets. It is not, therefore, the general characters of the country, which one poet can easily draw from the works of others, that we find in his pastoral; it was the country in which he lived, the genuine manners of its inhabitants, the actual scenes with which he was conversant, that fixed his observation, and guided his imitative pencil. The character which, in the preface to his Evergreen, he assigns to the Scottish poetry in general, is, in the most peculiar manner, assignable to his own.

The morning rises, in the poet's description, as it does in the Scottish horizon: we are not carried to Greece and Italy for a shade, a stream, or a breeze; the groves rise in Scottish valleys; the rivers flow from Scottish fountains; and the winds blow upon Scottish hills.

Ramsay's landscapes are drawn with the most characteristic precision: we view the scene before us, as in the paintings of a Claude or Waterloo; and the hinds and shepherds of the Pentland hills, to all of whom this delightful pastoral is as familiar as their catechism, can trace the whole of its scenery in nature, and are eager to point out to the inquiring stranger the water-fall of *Habbie's how*—the cottages of *Glaud* and *Symon*—Sir William's ancient tower, ruinated in the civil wars, but since rebuilt—the *auld avenue* and *shady groves* still remaining, in defiance of the modern taste for naked, shadeless lawn. And here let it be remarked, as, perhaps, the surest criterion of the merit of this pastoral, as a true delineation of nature, that it is universally relished and admired by that class of people whose habits of life and manners are there described. Its sentiments and descriptions are in

unison with their feelings. It is recited, with congenial animation and delight, at the fireside of the farmer, when in the evening the lads and lassies assemble to solace themselves, after the labours of the day, and share the rustic meal. There is not a milk-maid, a plough-boy, or a shepherd of the low lands of Scotland, who has not by heart its favourite passages, and cannot rehearse its entire scenes. There are many of its couplets that, like the verses of Homer, are become proverbial, and have the force of an adage, when introduced in familiar writing, or in ordinary conversation.

The poet Thomas Campbell, who is undoubtedly an able critic, has published the following opinion of the merits of the Gentle Shepherd:

"Ramsay's miscellaneous pieces, though some of them are very ingenious, are, upon the whole, of a much coarser grain than his pastoral drama. The admirers of the Gentle Shepherd must perhaps be contented to share some suspicion of national partiality, while they do justice to their own feeling of its merit. Yet, as this drama is a picture of rustic Scotland, it would perhaps be saying little for its fidelity, if it yielded no more agreeableness to the breast of a native, than he could expound to a stranger by the strict letter of criticism. We should think the painter had finished the likeness of a mother very indifferently, if it did not bring home to her children traits of undefinable expression, which had escaped every eye but that of familiar affection. Ramsay had not the force of Burns, but, neither, in just proportion to his merits, is he likely to be felt by an English reader. The fire of Burns's wit and passion glows through an obscure dialect, by its confinement to short and concentrated bursts. The interest which Ramsay excites is spread over a long poem, delineating manners more than passions, and the mind must be at home, both in the language and manners, to

appreciate the skill and comic archness with which he has heightened the display of rustic character, without giving it vulgarity, and refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity. The Gentle Shepherd stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of modern Europe. It has no satyrs, nor featureless simpletons, nor drowsy and still landscapes of nature, but distinct characters and amusing incidents. The principal shepherd never speaks out of consistency with the habits of a peasant, but he moves in that sphere with such a manly spirit, with so much cheerful sensibility to its humble joys, with maxims of life so rational and independent, and with an ascendancy over his fellow swains, so well maintained by his force of character, that if we could suppose the pacific scenes of the drama to be suddenly changed into situations of trouble and danger, we should, in exact consistency with our former idea of him, expect him to become the leader of the peasants, and the Tell of his native hamlet. Nor is the character of his mistress less beautifully conceived. She is represented, like himself, as elevated, by a fortunate discovery, from obscure to opulent life, yet as equally capable of being the ornament of either. A Richardson, or a d'Arblay, had they continued her history, might have heightened the portrait, but they would not have altered its outline. Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the Gentle Shepherd is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes."

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

The Gentle Shepherd sat beside the spring,
All in the shadow of a busby brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his song did lere.

SPENCER.

INSCRIBED TO

JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The nipping frosts, an' driving sna',
Are o'er the hills an' far awa';
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
An' ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, an' bra',
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by break o' day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
Wi' a' thy speed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upo' the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill an' nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker sight,
Set these* rude sonnets, sung by me,
In truest light.

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has o' sangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
Whilst hist'ries tell o' tyrants pride,
Who vainly strave upon the tide
To' invade these lands,
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen*
Our age, an' these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves;
How free-born Britons fought like men,
Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In gi'eing praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,

* His valuable naval history.

Grant you a lang an' muckle skair
O' a' that's good,
Till unto langest life an' mair
You've healthfu' stood.

May never Care your blessings sour,
An' may the muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, an' haunt your bow'r—
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*
ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*
SYMON, GLAUD, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*
BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*
JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*
MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*
ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*
MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.
Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third act begins at four in the afternoon.
Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth act begins by day-light next morning.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echos ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG I.

Patie. My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,
Fair as the day, an' always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
An' I'm no very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld;
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is 't see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is 't to snuff the cauler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great:
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood;
But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of wardly gear,
Shall mar my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it 's no easy done
By ane whase saul 's sae sadly out of tune.
Ye ba'e sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall and as weel built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye;
For ilka sheep ye ha'e I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins! nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part;
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that 's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perished in the sna'.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less wad ye loss, and less ye wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And own that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi' 't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly 's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you,
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

Pat. But Bauldy looes not her; right wiel I wat,
He sighs for Neps: sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I could na looe her,—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd; ye never heard sic spite;
"O'er Bogie" was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' houp,
Gae till 't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

Rog. I needna mak' sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Here how I serv'd my lass I looe as weal
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gye an' early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw nae me;

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
An' she was close upon me ere she wist:
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;
An' oh! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome, I cried, My bonny Meg come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
She scour'd awa' an' said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en 's ye like,
I careless cry'd, an' lap in o'er the dyke;
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, an' sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
De ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb,
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
  An' answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
  For women in a man delight;
But them despise wha's soon defeat,
  And wi' a simple face, gi'es way,
To a repulse—then be nae blate,
  Push bauldly on, an' win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
  Say aften that they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
  But tent the language o' their e'en:
If these agree, an' she persist
  To answer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
  An' let her sigh when it 's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue:
Wi' spraigns like gowd an' siller, cross'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

Pat. Weel, ha'd ye there—an' since ye've frankly made
To me a present o' your braw new plaid,
My flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif' ye'll tak' my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak' it out, an' gi'es a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play an' sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, an' a shave o' cheese,
Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,
I'll whistle fine, an' sing t' ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining smooth an' round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear:
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

Jenny. Come Meg, let's fa' to wark upon the green,
This sunny day will bleach our linen clean;

The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow:
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's an' maks a singan din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
An' when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—its healthfu' now in May,
An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
An' see us sae?—that jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, an' gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
An' spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
Wha likes a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet:
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
An' syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

The dorty will repent,
If lovers' hearts grow cauld;
An' nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers an' tarrows at its meat,
An's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus, by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, an' dinna sit your time.
Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, an' we for men.
Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums an' haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, an' may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themsels for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I hae a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass! how can ye love that rattle-skull?
A very deil, that ay maun hae his will.
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head:
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
An' what we do, there's nane dar ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no? it's good my part
To gie him that, an' he'll gie me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daut ye baith, afore fouk an' your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:
An' may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nocht but to be marry'd:
Running to a life, destroys
Heartsome, free, an youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

SANG V.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae;
Sour, weak, silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, an' mak their wives snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, an' ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hey, *bonny lass o' Branksome!* or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
To mak them brats, then, ye maun toil an' spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.
Peg. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm so happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o' an' obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day an' night
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?
Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
For little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.—
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, an' may rot your ewes,

A dyvour buys your butter, woo, an' cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:
Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's no to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour mauna want; he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae house an hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best;
Nae mare's requir'd; let Heav'n mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due:
Syne a' behind's our ain.——Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we thro' the warld will steer;
An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
An' her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', an secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' wind an' rain,
A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane;
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
Then seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
An' serve him with the best we can afford:
Good-humour an' white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld togither, an' ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns an' their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an' bride;
Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.
Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

Jen. I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
An' there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us:
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peg. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee think tak' the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.
Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, an we're not yet begun
To freath the graith:—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in the dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn. on that a hyre:
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,
An' to his devot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

Glaud. Good-morrow, neibour Symon;—come, sit down,
An' gi'es your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
An' sald your Crumnock, an' her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry;
Lug out your box, an' gi'es a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I cam' o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
An' skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels
ne'er stand
To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand.
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.
Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud; an' I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; an ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;
An' Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.
Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed!—but dinna
flaw:
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
An' saw ye Hab? an' what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?
Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did
grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

Cauld be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base an' bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth an' sense,
An' ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, an' nation.

Glaud. An' may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbled, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claise.
Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat.—
"How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa—How does Kate?
"How sells black cattle?—what gies woo this year?"—
An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

The laird wha in riches an' honour,
Wad thrive, should be kindly an' free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Else, like pack-horse that's unfother'd
An' burden'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hard-ship is smother'd,
An' racker's aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear neibour will ye stay,
An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,
An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;
An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here—yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime an' fat;
A furlet o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
An' a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk:
I saw mysell, or I cam o'er the loan,
Our meikle Pat, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil;—an ane we'll roast;
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost:
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung;
An' we've invited neibours auld an young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
Bring wi' you a' your family; an' then,
Whene'er your please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yersell, auld birky, never fear,
But at your banquet I sall first appear:
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger be a score,
Wi' your guid news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here—
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!— Gae break your wheel, an' burn your tow,
An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—An' wha was't tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
My white-skin hose, an' mittans for my hands;
Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak' yersells as trig, head, feet, an' waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Symon. Do honest Madge:—an' Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.——A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.——
At a sma' distance by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms an' haufrais'd looks, ye see.

BAULDY HIS LANE.

What's this! I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, swecter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new maun hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her,—waes me!—an' she looes Pate;
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow: O but ane be a beast,
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
Its sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane an' win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, an' gi'e me advice:
She can o'creast the night an' cloud the moon,
An' mak the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
An' howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taids an' snakes:
O' this, unsonsy picture aft she makes
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire:

Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard: a little fount,
Where water poplin springs:
There sits a wife wi' wrink'led front,
An' yet she spins an' sings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,
Peggy, now the king's come:
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
An' be a lady o' that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

ENTER BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest Lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.
Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
An' beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae corn?
Bauldy. Eneugh o' baith——But something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.
Mause. My helping hand! alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow?
Bauldy. Ay, but ye're wise, an' wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.
Mause. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?
Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise an' fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I should tell.
Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up; ye naething ha'e to fear.
Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tauks about ye, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, an' there nae butter came;

When Bessy Freetock's cuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, an' couldna stan' its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
An' tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
An' Sarah tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
An' ilka ane here dreads you, round about:
An' sae they may that mean to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
An' if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.—
Peggy like's Pate;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee,
An' looes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease an' grots: tak ye na care.

Bauldy. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when its late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.

We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like Badrans for a jest?
An' there ye can our different 'havious spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

Mause. Its like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit Bauldy.*

MAUSE HER LANE.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do many sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me;—an' if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass an' cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

Peggy. O PATIE, let me gang; I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.
Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
An' Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themsells, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds!
Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.
Pat. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind;
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flow'rs appear.

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or riper berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
An' lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang:
Anither lass may gar you change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield their fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith,—But mony lads will swear,
An' be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've looed you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lispt out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
Thou smiling by my side;—I took delyte
To pu' the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;

O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt an' snood.

Peg. When first thou gaed wi' shepherds to the hill,
An' I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, an' the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir an' rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubl'd me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' these sports thou still ga' joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt, wi' thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden-knowes*,
An' Rosie lilts the *Milking of the Ewes*;
There's nane like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
An', roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire.
But wha looes best, let time an' carriage try;
Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
Be still as now; an' a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
An' I at ewe milking, first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgathered wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, an' blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland, an' sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, ga'e trouble to me,
Gif I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
An' cam aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knows*,
An' Rosie lilts sweetly the *Milking the Ewes*,
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;
At *Thro' the Wood, Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The *Boatman, Tweed-side*, or the *Lass o' the Mill*,
'Tis mony times sweeter an' pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:

Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To mak mysell better an' sweeter for thee.

Pat. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heights, for trifles grieve:—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
But thou, in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a':
Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.
Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's [cry:
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.
Pat. An' let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss;
An' syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you an' me.
Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—
Pat. ——————Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
An' rowing een that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as weel as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; an' sae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
An' I ha'e thol'd an' woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY *singing, fa's into Patie's arms.*

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good an' a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
An' mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE, *wi' his left hand about her waist.*

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
An' haste about our bridal day!
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:—
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM, SOLUS.

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls;

My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where, round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a beild,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
All round in gaps, the walls in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought
Hid from himself he starts up by the dawn, [forth.
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

SANG XII.

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn.

After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unsullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.
[*Exit Sir William.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

It's Symon's huuse, please to step in,
An' vissy't round an' round;
There's nought superfl'ous to gie pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet a' is clean: a clear peat ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, an' tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursells.—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrylie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
An' better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
An' tell his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;
An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

Glaud. What reason can ye ha'e? There's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore o' breeding ews o' my ain birn,
Five ky, that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By an' attour, gif my guid luck abide,

Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live,
An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.
Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.
Symon. Or this day aught-days, likely, he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.
Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gie's the other bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.
[*Their healths gae round.*
Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud? by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, an' bedded on dry hay?
Glaud. That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

ENTER JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, an' syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, an' lang an' gray his beard.
Symon. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gae hungry by my house to-day:
[*Exit Jenny.*
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth o' a' their says I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY *returns, bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; *with them* PATIE.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat.
Sir Will. I gi'e ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.
Glaud [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye friend—How far came ye the day?
Sir Will. I pledge ye, neibour, e'en but little way:
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.
Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
An' tak sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.
Sir Will. That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye ha'e a bairn
That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.
Symon [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad:—alake! I ha'e nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.
Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand; what gars ye sneer?
Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.
Sir Will. Ye cut before the point; but, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.
Elspa. Betooch-us-too!—an' weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er grit wi' you;

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, its guid to bode o' wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*

Patie. A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—an' like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM *looks a little at* PATIE'S *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possest
Wi' some nae good, or second-sight, at least:
Where is he now?———

Glaud. ————He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fouk, (his peace be here!
See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)

How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
An' speaks out broken words like ane that raves.
Symon. He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste ye
An' fill him up a glass o' usquebæ. [gae

SIR WILLIAM *starts up, and speaks.*

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the *Lyon* rares,
And joys spreads o'er the plain:
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A subject true and bauld.
He *Mr. Patrick* shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deil,
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep:
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep?
Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.
Symon. You prophesying fouks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, an' here that disna ken,

The whimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir an' dale.
Glaud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
An' tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he ev'ns to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.
Sir Will. Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.
Glaud. Weel be't sae, friend; I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young an' fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.
Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent:
I ha'e but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.
Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.
Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm an' fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.
Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:—
An' Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;—
We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,
Syne sup together, an' tak our pint, an' crack.
Glaud. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play.
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thaw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER AND JENNY.

Rog. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
An' yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.
Jen. An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?
Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, an' langing een.
An' I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.
Ah! cou'd I looe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier, far! cou'd ye but fancy me.
Jen. An' wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.
Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Hae win your love, an' near your heart may lie.
Jen. I looe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move:

Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again:
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me?

Jen. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, guid, an' ev'ry thing;
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin, an' tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou shou'dst scorn) still to delyte in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
An' soon in mossy puddles disappear!
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, an' join the ocean without stain;

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice thro' life, an' a' your fears beguile.
Jen. Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho I jok'd, I looed your company;
An' ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.
Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!
This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
An' ferly at the quick return o' day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
An' birz thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

Jen. Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart o' mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Rog. I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?———

O let me birz thee to my heart!
An' round my arms entwine:
Delytefu' thought, we'll never part!
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to looe me, when by vows made ane.
Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb;
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.
Jen. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent,—he'll hardly say ye nae;
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fouks, like them, that want na milk an' meal.

SANG XIV.

Jen. Weel I agree, ye're sure o' me;
Neist to my father gae:
Mak him content to gie consent,
He'll hardly say ye nae:
For ye hae what he wad be at,
An' will commend ye weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk an' meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena-by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said an' sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
An' if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find na faut in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony neweal in my byers rout;
Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Guid twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house an' tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', whilk now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee;
An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love an' a' is yours: now haud them fast,
An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie an' Meg; besides, I mauna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, an' meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the menninpool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryst, an' meet me there;—there let us meet,
To kiss, an' tell our love;—there's nought sae sweet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the knight an' Sym,
Within a gall'ry o' the place,
Where a' looks ruinous an' grim;
Nor has the baron shawn his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

Sir Will. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fill us a' wi' joy, *now he's come hame.*

(Sir William draps his masking beard;
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!
Return'd to chear his wishing tenants' sight!
To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight.

Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock——neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty——since without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh an' blate.

Sir Will. And often vain and idly spend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gives their souls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's looed by few;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp o' manners as o' sense an' grace,
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gie him trust.

Sir Will. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.——Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be o'er short,—could I them right display.

In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
An' when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
An' his decreet stands guid;—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases;—my good friend proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth! I didna spare
To gi'e him, at the school, eneugh o' lair;
An' he delytes in books:—He reads an speaks,
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to E'nbrugh port,
He buys some books, o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
An' carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspeare, an' a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing,
An' ane ca'd—Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, an gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, an' plays.
Wheu I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursell?
Sir Will. Well jested, Symon.—But one qestion more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?
Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
'Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now ha'e nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' thae charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.
Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.
Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is na downright me.
[*Exit Symon.*

SIR WILLIAM, SOLUS.

When th' event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shows its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove;
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough di'mond from the mine,
In breakings only shows its light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD;

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.———Enter *Mause* an' *Madge.*

MAUSE AND MADGE.

Madge. Our laird's come hame! an' owns young
Pate his heir!
Mause. That's news indeed!—— ——
Madge.————As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven sna',
Amang us cam, cry'd, *Haud ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains an' skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.
Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mow,
When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
Without the help o' conjuring or spell.
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome master; round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.
Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
An' troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.
Mause. It may be sae, wha kens? an' may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Ev'n kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
An' what has been before may be again.
Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher guid,
'Tween a herd's bairn an' ane o' gentle bluid!
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
But sican ferlies now we never see.
Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain:
Yonder he comes, an' vow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.
Madge. He get her! slaverin doof; it sets him weel
To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.

Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—
Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
An' sae wad I. But whisht! here Bauldy comes.

ENTER BAULDY, *singing.*

SANG XVI.

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher guid.
For my tocher guid, I winna marry thee;
E'en's-ye-like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.
Mause. Weel liltet Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.
Bauldy. I'se gi'e ye't a', it's better than it's lang.

Sings again.

I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land eneugh,
I ha'e sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkan o'er the lee,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a guid ha'-house, a barn, an' a byar;
A peat-stack, 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, an' merry sall we be,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae!—Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their sna'-ba's cast.
Mause. Weel Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Bauldy. ——————Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.
Madge. An' wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?
Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task:
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.
Now, now, guid Madge, an' honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove,
Less wilfu' an' ay constant in my love.
Madge. As Neps can witness, an' the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse o' heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.
Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! an' a' the rest!
Ye lied, auld roudes,—an', in faith, had best
Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.
Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, an' trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.
Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.
Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
An' should be serv'd as his guid-breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog!————

[*Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—* MAUSE *endeavours to redd them.*

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy lean;
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
It's sae daft like.————

[BAULDY *gets out of* MADGE'S *clutches with a bleeding nose.*

Madge. ————It's dafter like, to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
An' or they died, their bairns' bairns ha'e seen.

Mause. That's true; an' Bauldy ye was sair to blame,
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name.
Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I sall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae spite:
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
O' what has happen'd; an' should therefore crave
My pardon first, an' shall acquaintance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
AR' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat:

Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,
Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow, an' lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil: he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bualdy [*running off*]. His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemned for life to live wi' thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*

Madge [*laughing*]. I think I've towzl'd his harigalds a wee:
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye tows'd him tightly—I commend ye for't:
His bluiding snout ga'e me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had the scant o' grace,
An' breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, an' wadna stand
To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, an' feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fouk resentment to decline:
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, an' we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; an' I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see it's hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
An' the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While guid Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak fareweel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

Rog. WOW! but I'm cadgie, an' my heart lowps light:
O, Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fouk are farer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—an' nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again;—
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
An' an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks of kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth,
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
Who set too soon!—An' while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail,
That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
The happy son o' ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, an' haflen reason, plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
An' part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

Duty an' part o' reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior ca's treason;
The strongest must be obey'd.

For now, tho' I'm ane o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o' love:
An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall [move.
I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master an' yoursell to stay
Amang us here?—or, are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To E'nburgh straight to-morrow we advance;
To London neist, an' afterwards to France,
Where I maun stay some years, an' learn to dance,
An' twa-three other monkey tricks.—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner, than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. They wha ha'e just eneugh can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.———
Guid Maister Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the same:
The poor an' rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift:—without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like your's yields bra' content,
When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Guid cheer, an' witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease:
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks na far amiss;
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
The passions rule the roast;—an', if they're sour,
Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease,
While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

Rog. Lord man! I wonder ay, an' it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear? [skill;

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some
Thae best can teach what's real guid an' ill.
Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,
To gain thae silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'se ha'e books tho' I shou'd sell my kye:
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will an' Peggy's love?

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here;
I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

[*Exit Roger.*

Pat. [*solus*]. Wi' what a struggle maun I now im-
My father's will to her that hauds my heart! [part
I ken she looes, an' her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
O' disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,
An' let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red!———

ENTER PEGGY.

————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mare a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I darna think sae high:—I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty an' true love agree. [grief;

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, an' still my
But short I dar to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome
Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin hauf breathless round the rucks o' hay;
As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
An' warst o' ill attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVIII.

Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief,
Haud up a heart that's sinking under
Thae fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:
A gentler face, an' silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excell'd
The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
  Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
  Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
  You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
  Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
  An' wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
  Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
  Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—an' be assur'd o' me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
An' time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns an' sceptres laid,
To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.——
Wherefore that tear?—believe, an' calm thy mind.
Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.

Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,
An' will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.———

SANG XIX.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
  My heart was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care;
  But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
  Wherever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
  An' my saul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
  An' study the gentlest o' charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
  To lock thee for ay in these arms,
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
  Nae higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
  To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin-deep,
  Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
  For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes o' life,
  Can quench the fair fire o' love,

If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
An' the husband hae sense to approve.

Pat. ————That's wisely said,
An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
Tho', without a' the little helps o' art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
An' drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
An', for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still,—but I'll be aught wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes: for still amangst the best,
Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, an' sae sma' expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me?
Sir William's cruel! that wad force his son,
For whatna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but trav'lling does improve,
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, an' rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, an' ask thy safe return.

Under that tree, an' on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin an' play,
An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XX.

At setting day, an' rising morn,
  Wi' saul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask o' heav'n thy safe return,
  Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
  Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales o' love, an' hid my blush,
  Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
  To greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
  Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees an' flow'rs
  Frae thoughts unfeign'd an' tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
  A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, an' wear about my arm.
Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;

Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When its wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbuton'd coat
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

Sym. What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glowr, an' look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Bauldy. O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown dizzy—legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture out at night my lane,
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tred.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?
Symon you're very timeously asteer.
Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest; [prest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit op-
He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.
Bauldy. O ay—dear Sir, in troth its very true,
An' I am come to mak my plaint to you.
Sir Will. [*smiling.*] I lang to hear't——
Bauldy.————Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me guid,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk:
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.
Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I us'd to be at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,
Till wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I, hauf dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,
Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
Houping your help to gi'e the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt.
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.
Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour: soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,
To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
An' cast her cantraips that bring up the deil. [*Exit.*
Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is thro' want of education blind!
Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.
Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow:
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then oft, by night, bombaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.
What'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. Its true eneugh, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
An' lives a quiet an' very honest life;
That gars me think this hobleshew that's past,
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will:—but see, increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud, by his morning ingle, taks a beek;
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth,—the lasses please his een,
An' now an' then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY, AND AEGGY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night:
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave o' Patrick or he gang.
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?
Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday, he gae us mony a tug,
An' kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.
Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.
Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure, if it means aught ill,
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Claud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;
Ane young, an' guid, an gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like o' us thinks sin to name:
Sic are so void o' shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they hae had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, an' never gi'e
Encouragement, or bour'd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;
An' may na Patrick too, like him, be good? [he,

Claud. That's true; an' mony gentry mae than
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday doubts a God.

Claud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an' drink:
But I'm nae saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

ENTER MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate

'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.
Glaud. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer door,
An' bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before. [*Exit.*
Madge. Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd an' red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at E'nburgh cross:
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance, whan we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
An' tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.
Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn;
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
An' then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.
Madge. A bonny story, troth!—But we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause,
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now its tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak guid-breeding's laws,
An' wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD, BAULDY AND MAUSE.

Sir Will. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter, to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kendna that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:
Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho, she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee an' a revengefu'———
An' that my *some-place* finds:—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist,*

An' the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she that wears the' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?———
Glaud.————Sir, she's my niece,—
An' yet she's not—but I should haud my peace.
Sir Will. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.
Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I hae kept a secret thretten year—
Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.
Sir Will. Speak soon: I'm all impatience!—
Pat.————————So am I!
For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.
Glaud.—Then, since my master orders, I obey.
This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn o' May,
Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,
A' sweet an' clean, an' carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave exposed to air
Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story: she has pass'd sinsyne
As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear sh'e guid,
An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;
O' wham I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Patie.——————The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;
Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best an' nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;
'Tis dang'rous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Will. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*

Mause. Sir, view me weel; has fifteen years sae plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now hauds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Guid nurse gae on; nae musie's haff sae fine,
Or ean gi'e pleasure like thae words o' thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possest:
All this to me a *confident* confest.
I heard, wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,

An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.
A' day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
An' took a neibouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, an' Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glaud [*wi' tears of joy happing down his beard.*]

I weel remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Patie. Its now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and wad, tho' still unknown,
Ha'e been my wife, whan I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair.
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.
Sir Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.
Peg. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.
Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
The estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.
Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.
Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.
Peg. To me the views o' wealth, an' an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For sic a kindness, *best o' men*, to you.
Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you:
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, an' pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man! remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.
Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.
Glaud. God save the king, an' save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherd's sang.
Rog. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?
Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm greed,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, an' frankly can forgive,
To join an' sing, "Lang may Sir William live."
Madge. Lang may he live:—an', Bauldy learn to steek
Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak;
An' never ca' her auld that wants a man;
Else ye may yet some witches' fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!
Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
An' my guid nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?
Mause. The flowing pleasures o' this happy day
Does fully a' I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.
Omnes. The Lord o' Heav'n return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove.

PATIE, *presenting* ROGER *to* SIR WILLIAM.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny think na shame)
Rais'd, an' maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak an' won,
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.
Sir Will. My son's demand is fair.——Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and, while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.
Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your Honour wills, I sall obey.
Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
An' still our master's right your bus'ness mak.

Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld grey head
Sall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.
Rog. I ne'er was guid o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, an' my wife,
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.
Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward, an' satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Oft when we stand on brinks o' dark despair,
Some happy turn, wi' joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at right, who sings best, let me hear.
Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXII.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his wauking:
The shining o' his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
Whare yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, an' vow'd he wad be mine,
  An' loo'd me best o' ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
  O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses o' a silly mind
  Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
  We chastely shou'd be granting.
Then I'll comply, an' marry PATE;
  An' syne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
  Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A

GLOSSARY;

OR,

AN EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTTISH WORDS,

WHICH ARE USED IN THE POEMS OF

ALLAN RAMSAY;

And which are rarely found in modern English Writings:

CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

A

GLOSSARY,

&c. &c. &c.

Some General Rules, showing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same; having only one letter changed for another; or sometimes one letter taken away, or one added.

I. *In many words ending with an* l *after an* a *or* u, *the* l *is rarely sounded.*

SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.
A'	All	*Sma*	Small
Ba	Ball	*Sta*	Stall
Ca	Call	*Wa*	Wall
Fa	Fall	*Fou*, or *fu*	Full
Ga	Gall	*Pou*, or *pu*	Pull
Ha	Hall	*Woo*, or *oo*	Wool

II. *The* l *changes to* a, w, *or* u, *after* o *or* a; *and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,*

Bawm	Balm	*Bow*	Boll
Bauk	Baulk	*Bowt*	Bolt
Bouk	Bulk	*Caff*	Calf
Cow	Coll, *or* Clip	*Howms*	Holms
Faut	Fault	*Maut*	Malt
Fause	False	*Pow*	Poll
Fowk	Folk	*Row*	Roll

SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.
Fawn	Fallen	*Scawd*	Scald
Gowd	Gold	*Stown*	Stolen
Haff	Half	*Wawk*	Walk
How	Hole, *or* Hollow		

III. *An* o *before* ld, *changes to* a, *or* au; *as,*

Auld	Old	*Hald*, or *had*	Hold
Bauld	Bold	*Sald*	Sold
Cauld	Cold	*Tald*	Told
Fauld	Fold	*Wad*	Would

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow, *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; as,

Ae, or *ane*	One	*Bain*	Bone
Aeten	Oaten	*Bair*	Boar
Aff	Off	*Baith*	Both
Aften	Often	*Blaw*	Blow
Aik	Oak	*Braid*	Broad
Aith	Oath	*Claith*	Cloth
Ain, or *awn*	Own	*Craw*	Crow
Alane	Alone	*Drap*	Drop
Amaist	Almost	*Fae*	Foe
Amang	Among	*Frae*	Fro, *or* from
Airs	Oars	*Gae*	Go
Aits	Oats	*Gaits*	Goats
Apen	Open	*Grane*	Groan
Awner	Owner	*Huly*	Holy
Hale	Whole	*Saft*	Soft
Halesome	Wholesome	*Saip*	Soap
Hame	Home	*Sair*	Sore
Hait, or *het*	Hot	*Sang*	Song
Laith	Loath	*Slaw*	Slow
Laid	Load	*Snaw*	Snow
Lain, or *len*	Loan	*Strake*	Stroke
Lang	Long	*Staw*	Stole
Mae	More	*Stane*	Stone
Maist	Most	*Saul*	Soul

SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTTISH.	ENGLISH.
Mair	More	*Tae*	Toe
Mane	Moan	*Taiken*	Token
Na	No	*Tangs*	Tongs
Nane	None	*Tap*	Top
Naithing	Nothing	*Thrang*	Throng
Pape	Pope	*Wae*	Woe
Rae	Roe	*Wame*	Womb
Raip	Rope	*Wan*	Won
Raw	Row	*War*	Worse
		Wark	Work
		Warld	World
		Wha	Who

V. *The* o *or* u *is frequently changed into* i; *as,*

Anither	Another	*Ither*	Other
Bill	Bull	*Mither*	Mother
Birn	Burn	*Nits*	Nuts
Brither	Brother	*Nise*	Nose
Fit	Foot	*Pit*	Put
Fither	Fother	*Rin*	Run
Hinny	Honey	*Sin*	Sun

A

Abeet, albeit, although
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
Aeten, oaten
Aik, oak
Aikerbread, the breadth of an acre
Air, long since. *It*, early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning
Ambrie, cupboard
Anew, enow
Annual-rent, yearly interest of money
Apen, open
Arles, earnest of a bargain
Ase, ashes
Ase-midding, dunghill of ashes
Asteer, stirring
Atains, or *Atanes*, at once, at the same time
Attour, out-over
Auld-farren, knowing, shrewd
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edinburgh; old and smoky
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle
Awsome, frightful, terrible
Aynd, the breath

B

Ba', ball
Back-sey, a sirloin
Badrans, a cat
Baid, staid, abode
Bairns, children
Balen, whalebone
To ban, to curse

Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, "he, or it, came with a bang." A *bang* also means a great number: "of customers she had a bang."
Bangster, a blustering roaring person
Bannocks, a sort of unleavened bread, thicker than cakes, and round
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion
Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, colic
Bauch, sorry, indifferent
Baul, or *bauld*, bold
Bawbee, halfpenny
Bawk, a rafter, joist; likewise the space between corn-fields
Bawsy, bawsand-fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face
Bedeen, immediately, in haste
Beft, beaten
Begoud, began
Begrutten, all in tears
Beik, to bask
Beild, or *beil*, a shelter
Bein, or *been*, wealthy, comfortable. A *been* house, a warm well-furnished one
Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair
Bells, bubbles
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day
Belzie, Belzebub
Bended, drunk hard
Benn, the inner room of a house
Bennison, blessing
Bensell, or *bensail*, force
Bent, the open field
Benty, overgrown with coarse grass
Beuk, baked
Bicker, a wooden dish

Bickering, fighting, running quickly. School-boys battling with stones
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built. *Biggings*, buildings.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
Billy, brother
Bink, a bench to sit on, either by the door, or near the fire
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-house
Birks, birch trees
Birle, to carouse. When common people join their halfpennies for purchasing liquor, they call it "*birling* a bawbe."
Birn, a burnt mark
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise
Bisy, busy
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden mall for beating hemp, or a fuller's club
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the skin when bruised
Blaflum, beguile
Blate, bashful
Blatter, a rattling noise
Blawart, a blue flower that grows among corn
Bleech, to blanch or whiten
Bleer, to make the eye water
Bleeze, blaze
Blether, foolish discourse. *Bletherer*, a babbler. Stammering is called *blethering*
Blin, cease. "Never *blin*," never have done
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as ot a lamp when the oil is exhausted
Boak, or *boke*, retch
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall
To Boast, to threaten or scold at
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or furnished
Bodle, one-sixth of a penny English

Bodword, an omnious message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre
Bonny, beautiful
Bonnywalys, toys, gew-gaws
Boss, empty
Bouk, bulk
Bourd, jest or dally
Bouser, a rafter
Bouze, to drink
Bowt, bolt
Brochen, water-gruel of oat-meal
Brae, the side of a hill, a steep bank
Braid, broad
Braird, the first sprouting of corns
Brander, a gridiron
Brands, calves of the legs
Brang, brought
Brankan, prancing, a capering
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses
Branny, brandy
Brattle, noise, as of horse feet
Brats, rags, aprons of coarse linen
Braw, brave; fine in apparel
Brecken, fern
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead
Brigs, bridges
Briss, to press
Brock, a badger
Broe, broth
Browden, fond
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing
Bruliment, or *Brulziement*, a broil
Bucky, the large sea-snail: a term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow by "thrawn bucky"
Buff, nonsense: as, "he blather'd *buff*"
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time

Buller, to bubble; the motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide
Bumbazed, confused; made to stare and look like an idiot
Bumbee, an humble bee
Bumler, a bungler
To Bummil, to bungle
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats
Burd-alane, solitary bird
Burn, a brook
Busk, to deck, dress
Bustine, fustian, cloth
But, often used for *without*; as, "*but* feed or favour"
Bykes, or *bikes*, nests or hives of bees
Bygane, bypast
Byword, a proverb

C

Cadge, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a calf; chaff
Callan, boy
Camschough, or *Campsho*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance
Cangle, to wrangle
Canker'd, angry, passionately snarling
Canna, cannot
Cant, to tell merry old tales
Cantraips, incantations
Canty, cheerful and merry
Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured
Car, sledge
Carena, care not
Carle, a word for an old man
Carline, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.
Carts, cards

Cathel, cawdle, an hot-pot made of ale, sugar, and eggs
Cauldrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address
Cauler, cool or fresh
Cawk, chalk
Cawsy, causeway, street
Chafts, chops
Chaping, an ale measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart
A-Char, or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a a little opened, we say, "they are *a-char*, or *a-jar*"
Charlewain, Charleswain; the constellation called the plow, or ursa major
Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
Chanler, a candlestick
Chanler-chafts, lantern-jaw'd
Chat, a cant name for the gallows
Chiel, or *Chield*, a general term like fellow; used sometimes with respect, as, "he's a very good *chiel*;" and comtemptuously, "that *chiel*"
Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird
Chitter, chatter
Chorking, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water
Chucky, a hen
Clan, tribe, family
Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise
Clashes, chat
Clatter, to chatter
Claught, took hold
Claver, to speak nonsense
Claw, scratch
Cleek, to catch as with a hook
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
Clink, coin, money
Clinty, hard, stony
Clock, a beetle

Cloited, the fall of any soft, moist thing
Closs, a court or square ; and frequently a lane or alley
Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall
Clute, or *cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood
Cockstool, a pillory
Cod, a pillow
Coft, bought
Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in
Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall
Coly, a shepherd's dog
Coodie, a small wooden vessel used by some for a chamber-pot
Coof, a stupid fellow
Coor, to cover, and recover
Cooser, a stoned horse
Coost, did cast. *Coosten*, thrown
Corby, a raven
Cosie, warm and comfortable
Cotter, a cottager
Couthy, affable
Cowp, to turn over; also, a fall
Cowp, to change or barter
Cowp, a company of people ; as, "merry, senseless, corky *cowp*"
Crack, to chat
Craig, a rock: the neck
Craw, crow
Creel, basket
Creepy, a low stool
Crish, grease
Croil, a crooked dwarf
Croon, or *crune*, to murmur, or hum over a song; the lowing of bulls

Crouse, bold, pert, overbearing
Crove, a cottage
Crummy, a cow's name
Cryn, to shrink or become less by drying
Cudeigh, a bribe, present
Culzie, to intice or flatter
Cun, to taste, learn, know
Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin
Curn, a small parcel
Cursche, a kerchief; a linen dress worn by our Highland women
Cutled, used kind, and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.
Cutty, short

D

Dab, a proficient
Dad, to beat one thing against another: "he fell with a *dad*:"—"he *dadded* his head against the wall," &c.
Daft, foolish; and sometimes, wanton
Daffin, folly, waggery
Daintiths, delicacies, dainties
Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
Dander, to wander to or fro, or saunter
Dang, *did ding*, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding*, *dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another
Darn, to hide
Dash, to put out of countenance
Dawty, a fondling, darling. *To dawt*, to cocker and caress with tenderness
Deave, to stun the ears with noise
Deel, the devil
Deel-be-likit, the devil-a-bit
Dees, dairy-maids
Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely

Deval, to descend, fall, hurry
Dewgs, rags or shapings of cloth
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf
Dight, decked, made ready; also to clean
To ding, to drive down, to beat, to overcome
Dink, prim
Dinna, do not
Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over
Dit, to stop or close up a hole
Divot, thin turf
Dock, the backside
Docken, a dock, the herb
Doilt, confused and silly
Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
Doll, a large piece; dole or share
Donk, moist
Donsie, affectedly neat; sometimes dull and dreary; clean, when applied to any little person
Doofart, a dull, heavy-headed fellow
Dool, or *drule*, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, as at foot-ball
Dool, pain, grief
Dorts, a proud pet
Dorty, proud; not to be spoken to; conceited; appearing as disobliged
Dosend, cold, impotent
Dought, could, availed
Doughty, strong, valiant, able
Douks, dives under water
Dour, *dowr*, hard, severe, fierce
Douse, solid, grave, prudent
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
Dow, dove
Dow'd, (liquor) that is dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity
Dowie, sickly, melancholy, sad, doleful
Dow na, *dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it

Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell: "better half egg as toom *dowp*"
Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner
Dree, to suffer, endure
Dreery, wearisome, frightful
Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance: hence, an ill payer of his debts we call *dreigh;* tedious
Dribs, drops
Dring, the noise of a kettle before it boils
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run
Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily; speaking with groans
Drouked, drenched, all wet
Dubs, mire
Duds, rags. *Duddy*, ragged
Dung, driven down, overcome
Dunt, stroke or blow
Dunty, a doxy
Durk, a poniard or dagger
Dusht, driven down
Dwine, to pine away
Dynles, trembles, shakes
Dyvour, a bankrupt

E

To Eag, to egg, to incite, stir up
Eard, earth, the ground
Edge of a hill, is the side or top
Een, eyes
Eild, age
Eildeens, of the same age
Eith, easy. *Either*, easier.
Elbuck, elbow
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies
Ell-wand, the ell measure

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts
Elson, a shoemaker's awl
Endlang, along
Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution
Esthler, *Ashler*, hewn stone
Ether, an adder
Ethercap a *Ettercap*, a venomous spiteful creature
Etle, to aim, design
Even'd, compared
Evite, to shun
Eydent, diligent, laborious

F

Fa, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice
Facing-tools, drinking-pots
Fadge, a spungy sort of bread, in shape of a roll
Fae, foe
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him
Fait, neat, in good order
Fand, found
Fang, the talons of a fowl. *To fang*, to grip or hold fast
Fash, to vex or trouble. *Fasheous*, troublesome.
Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh* riggs, fallow ground
Faught, a broil
Fause, false
Fawn, fallen
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maist *feck*, the greatest number; nae *feck*, very few
Feckfow, able, active
Feckless, feeble, little and weak

Feed, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel
Feil, many, several
Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. Make a *fen*, fall upon methods
Ferlie, wonder
Fernzier, the last or forerun year
File, to defile or dirty
Fireflaught, a flash of lightning
Fistle, to stir, a stir
Fit, the foot
Fitsted, the print of the foot
Fizzing, whizzing
Flaffing, moving up and down; raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire
Flane, an arrow
Flang, flung
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground
Flaw, lie or fib
Fleetch, to coax or flatter
Fleg, fright
Flet, the preterite of *flyte*, did chide
Flegeeries, gewgaws
Flewet, a smart blow
Fley, or *flie*, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified
Flinders, splinters
Flit, to remove
Flite, or *flyte*, to scold or chide. *Flet*, did scold
Flushes, floods
Fog, moss
Fon, fond
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
Forby, besides
Forebears, forefathers, ancestors
Forfairn, abused, bespattered
Forfoughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting
Forgainst, opposite to
Forgether, to meet, encounter

Forleet, to forsake or forget
Forestam, the forehead
Fou, drunk
Fouth, abundance, plenty
Fow-weel, full well
Fozy, spungy, soft
Fraise, to make a noise. We use to say, "one makes a *fraise*," when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear
Fray, bustle, fighting
Freik, a fool, light impertinent fellow
Fremit, strange, not a-kin
Fristed, trusted
Frush, brittle, like bread baken with butter
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing
Furder, prosper
Furthy, forward
Fuish, brought
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy
Furlet, four pecks

G

Gab, the mouth. *To Gab*, to prate
Gabbing, prating pertly. *To gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded
Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*
Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity
To Gae, to go
Gafaw, hearty loud laughter. *To gawf*, to laugh
Gaist, or *Ghaist*, a ghost
Gait, a goat
Gams, gums
Gantrees, a stand for ale-barrels
Gar, to cause, make, or force
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, or *gash-beard*
Gate, way
Gaunt, yawn
Gaw, to take the pet, to be galled
Gawd, or *gad*, a bar of iron, a ploughman's rod
Gawky, an idle, staring, idiotical person
Gawn, going
Gaws, galls
Gawsy, jolly, buxom
To geck, to mock, to toss the head with disdain
Geed, or *gade*, went
Genty, handsome, genteel
Get, a brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision
Gielainger, an ill debtor
Gif, if
Gift, a wicked imp, a term of reproach
Gillygacus, or *gillygapus*, a staring, gaping fool, a gormandizer
Gilpy, a roguish boy
Gimmer, a young sheep-ewe
Gin, if
Gird, to strike, pierce
Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds
Girth, a hoop
Glaiks, the reflection of the sun thrown from a mirror; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one by giving him his labour for his pains
Glaister, to bawl or bark
Glamour, a fascinating spell in order to deceive the eyes
Glar, mire, ouzy mud
Glee, to squint. *Gleed*, or *Gleid*, squint-eyed
Gleg, sharp, quick, active
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains
Gloom, to scowl or frown

Glowming, or *gloming*, the twilight or evening gloom
Glowr, to stare
Glunch, to hang the brow and grumble
Goan, a wooden dish for meat
Goolie, a large knife
Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds
Gossie, gossip
Gowans, daisies
Gove, to look with a roving eye
Gowf, or *golf*, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call "a *gowf* on the haffet"
Gowk, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*
Gowl, a howling; to bellow and cry
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful
Graith, furniture, harness, armour
To grane, to groan
Grany, grandmother, any old woman
Grape, a trident fork; also, to grope
Gree, prize, victory
To Gree, to agree
Green, or *grien*, to long for
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept
Grieve, an overseer
Groff, gross, coarse
Grotts, milled oats
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly
Grounche, or *Glunsh*, to murmur, grudge
Grutten, wept
Gryse, a pig
Gully, a large knife. A kail-*gully*, a knife for cutting cabbages
Gumption, good sense
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather)
Gusty, savoury

Gutcher, goodsire, grandfather
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness
Gytlings, young children

H

Had, hold
Haffet, the cheek, side of the head
Hagabag, coarse table-linen
Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground; portions of copse-wood regularly cut
Hain, to save, manage narrowly
Hait, or *het*, hot
Hale, whole
Halesome, wholesome
Hallen, a fence of turf, twigs, or stone, built at the side of a cottage door, to screen from the wind
Hame, home
Hameld, domestic
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind
To Hanker, to doubt or waver
Hanty, convenient, handsome
Harle, drag
Harns, brains. *Harn*-pan, the skull
Harship, hairship, mischance
Hash, a sloven
Haveren, or *havrel*, an insignificant chatterer, a half-witted fellow
Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers
Havins, good breeding
Haviour, behaviour
To hause, to hug
Hauslock, the wool that grows on the sheep's neck
Hawky, a cow; a white-fac'd cow
Haws, or *hauss*, the throat or gullet

Heal, or *heel*, health or whole
Heartsome, blyth and happy
Hecht, to promise, promised
Heepy, a person hypochondriac
Hereyestreen, the night before yesternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *heezy* is a good lift
Heftit, accustomed to live in a place
Heght, promised; also, named
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows
Hereit, or *herried*, ruined in estate; when a bird's nest is robbed, it is said to be *herried*
Hesp, a hasp, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of cuts
Hether-bells, the heath-blossom
Heugh, a rock or steep hill; also, a coal-pit
Hiddils, or *hidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *hidlings*, i. e. privately
To Hing, to hang
Hips, the buttocks
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely
Hirsle, to move as with a rustling noise
Hirsle, or *hirdsale*, a flock of cattle
Ho, a single stocking
Hobbleshew, confused racket, noise
Hodden-grey, coarse grey cloth
Hog, a sheep of two years old
Hool, husk. *Hooled*, inclosed
Hooly, slow
Host, or *whost*, to cough
Hou, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree
How, low ground, a hollow
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden
Howdy, a midwife
Howff, a haunt, or accustomed rendezvous
Howk, to dig
Howms, *holms*, plains on river-sides

Howt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen
Hurdies, the buttocks
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare
Hyt, mad

I & J

Jack, a jacket
Jag, to prick as with a pin
Jaw, a wave or gush of water
Jawp, the dashing of water
Iceshogles, icicles
Jee, to incline on one side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side
Jelly, pretty
Jig, to crack, to make a noise like a cart-wheel
Jimp, slender
Jip, gypsie
Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every
Ingan, onion
Ingine, genius
Ingle, fire
Jo, sweetheart
Jocktaleg, a clasp-knife
Jouk, a low bow
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition; also, melancholy
I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will
Isles, embers
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat
Jute, sour or dead liquor
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, a taunt

K

Kaber, a rafter
Kale, or *kail*, colewort; and sometimes broth

Kacky, to dung
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls
Kame, comb
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate; also, wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly; cautious
Kebuck, a cheese
Keckle, to cackle like a hen, to laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, or *cadgie*, jovial
Keek, to peep
Keel, or *keil*, black or red chalk
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool
Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time
Ken, to know; used in England as a noun: a thing within *ken*, i. e. within view
Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one
Kiest, did cast. Vide *coost*
Kilted, tucked up
Kimmer, or *cummer*, a female gossip
Kirn, a churn; to churn
Kirtle, an upper petticoat
Kitchen, sauces or liquids eat with solid food: "hunger is good *kitchen*"
Kittie, a frolicsome wench
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
Knacky, witty, facetious
Knoit, to beat or strike sharply
Knoosed, buffeted and bruised
Knoost, or *knaist*, a large lump
Know, a hillock
Knublock, a knob
Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears
Ky, kine or cows
Kyth, to appear: "he'll kyth in his ain colours"
Kyte, the belly

L

Ladren, a rogue, rascal, thief
Laggert, bespattered, covered with clay
Laigh, low
Laith, loth
Laits, manners
Lak, or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, "he that lacks my mare, will buy my mare"
Landart, the country, or belonging to it; rustic
Lane, alone
Lang, long
Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, i. e. divert him
Lang-nebit, long-nosed
Lang-syne, long ago: sometimes used as a substantive noun, auld *lang-syne*, old times by-past
Lankale, coleworts uncut
Lap, leaped
Lappered, cruddled or clotted
Lare, bog
Lare, a place for laying, or that has been lain in
Latter-meet, victuals brought from the master's to the servants' table
Lave, the rest or remainder
Lawin, a tavern reckoning
Lawland, low country
Lavrock, the lark
Lawty, or *lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honesty
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal: "a *leal* heart never lied"
Leam, flame
Lear, learning; to learn
Lee, untilled ground; also an open grassy plain
Leet, a chosen number, from which one or more is to be elected
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle
Leman, a kept miss

Lends, buttocks, loins
Leugh, laughed
Lew-warm, lukewarm
Libbet, gelded
Lick, to whip or beat; a wag or cheat we call a great *lick*
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie
Lift, the sky or firmament
Liggs, lies
Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence, "*lilt* up a spring:"—"*lilt* it out," take off your drink merrily
Limmer, a whore
Limp, to halt
Lin, a cataract
Ling, quick career in a straight line; to gallop
Lingle, cord, shoemakers' thread
Linkan, walking speedily
Lintwhite, a linnet
Lire, breasts; also, the most muscular parts: sometimes, the air or complexion of the face
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold
Lisk, the groin
Lith, a joint
Loan, or *loaning*, a passage for the cattle to go to pasture, left untilled; a little common, where the maids often assembled to milk the ewes
Loch, a lake
Loe, to love
Loof, the hollow of the hand
Looms, tools, instruments in general, vessels
Loot, did let
Low, flame. *Lowan*, flaming
Lown, calm: keep *lown*, be secret
Loun, rogue, whore, villain
Lounder, a sound blow
Lout, to bow down, making courtesy; to stoop
Luck, to enclose, shut up, fasten: hence, *lucken* handed, close fisted; *lucken* gowans, booths, &c.

Lucky, grandmother, or goody
Lug, ear, handle of a pot or vessel
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lurdane, a blockhead
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired

M

Magil, to mangle
Maiden, an engine used for beheading
Maik, or *make*, to match, equal
Maikless, matchless
Mailen, a farm
Makly, seemly, well-proportioned
Maksna, 'tis no matter
Malison, a curse, malediction
Mangit, galled or bruised by toil or stripes
Mank, a want
Mant, to stammer in speech
March, or *merch*, a landmark, border of lands
Marh. the marrow
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade
Mask, to mash (brewing). *Masking*-loom, mash-vat
Mavis, a thrush
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not
Mawt, malt
Meikle, much, big, great, large
Meith, limit, mark, sign
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation: to make amends, grateful return
Mense, discretion, sobriety, good breeding. *Mensfou*, mannerly
Menzie, a company of men, army, assembly, one's followers
Messen, a little dog, lap-dog
Midding, a dunghill

Midges, knats, little flies
Mim, affectedly modest
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Miscaw, to give names
Misken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone
Mislushious, malicious, rough
Mislers, necessities, wants
Mither, mother
Mony, many
Mools, the earth of the grave
Mou, mouth
Moup, to eat, generally used of children or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow
Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c
Murgeon'd, made a mock of
Muckle, see *meikle*
Murgullied, mismanaged, abused
Mutch, a coif
Mutchkin, an English pint

N

Nacky, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs
Neese, nose
Nevel, a sound blow with the *nive*, or fist
Newfangle, fond of a new thing
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated. Also a eant word to drink heartily; as, "he *nicks* fine"
Niest, next
Niffer, to exchange or barter
Niffnaffan, trifling
Nignays, trifles
Nips, bits
Nither, to straiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half-starved in maintenance

Nive, the fist
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle
Noit, see *knoit*
Nowt, cows, kine
Nowther, neither
Nuckle, new calved (cows)

O

Oe, a grandchild
O'er or *owre*, too much; as, "a' *o'ers* is vice"
O'ercome, surplus
Ony, any
Or, sometimes used for ere, or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day-break
Ora, any thing over what is needful
Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant
Oughtlens, in the least, any thing
Owk, weak
Owrlay, a cravat
Owsen, oxen
Owther, either
Oxter, the arm-pit

P

Paddock, a frog. *Paddock-ride*, the spawn of frogs
Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly
Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another
Papery, popery
Pasement, livery-lace
Pat, did put
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pawky, witty or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs
Peer, a quay or wharf
Peets, turf for fire

Pegh, to pant
Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited
Perquire, by heart
Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly *petts* are when in the least disobliged
Pibroughs, such Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before the warriors when they go to battle
Pig, an earthen pitcher
Pike, to pick out or choose
Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvy
Pine, pain, or pining
Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard
Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny*, (cloth, or a web) of unequal threads or colours, striped
Pit, to put
Pith, strength, might, force
Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English
Plenishing, household furniture
Pople, or *paple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water
Poortith, poverty
Pou, pull
Pouse, to push
Poutch, a pocket
Pow, the poll, the head
Powny, a little horse or galloway; also a turkey
Pratick, practice, art, stratagem. Priving *pratick*, trying ridiculous experiments
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, "he played me a *pret*," i. e. he cheated: "the callan's fou of *prets*," i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.
Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
Prin, a pin
Prive, to prove or taste

Propine, gift or present
Prym, or *prime*, to fill or stuff
Puke, to pluck
Pullieshees, pulleys
Putt a stane, throw a big stone

Q

Quaff, or *queff*, or *quegh*, a flat wooden drinking-cup formed of staves
Quat, to quit
Quey, a young cow

R

Rackless, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless* handed
Rae, a roe
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty
Raird, a loud sound
Rair, roar
Rak, or *rook*, a mist or fog
Rampage, to speak and act furiously
Rape, a rope
Rashes, rushes
Rave, did rive or tear
Raught, reached
Rax, to stretch. *Raxed*, stretched
Rax, andirons
Ream, cream: whence *reaming*; as *reaming* liquor
Redd, to rid, unravel; to separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. "I am *redd*," I am apprehensive
Rede, counsel, advice; as, "I wad na *rede* you to do that"
Reek, reach; also, smoke
Reese, or *ruse*, to commend, extol
Reest, to rust, or dry in the smoke

Reft, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
Reif, rapine, robbery
Reik, or *rink*, a course or race
Rever, a robber or pirate
Rewth, pity
Rice, or *rise*, bulrushes, bramble branches, or twigs of trees
Rierd, a roar
Rife, or *rye*, plenty
Rift, to belch
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house
Rigs of corn, ridges
Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins
Rock, a distaff
Roove, to rivet
Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often satiric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corn
Rude, the red taint of the complexion
Ruefu', doleful
Rug, to pull, take away by force
Rumple, the rump
Rungs, small bows of trees lopped off
Runkle, a wrinkle; to ruffle
Rype, to search

S

Saebiens, seeing it is, since
Saikless, guiltless, free
Sained, blessed
Sair, or *sare*, sore
Sairy, forlorn and pitiable
Sall, shall: like *soud* for should

Sand-blind, purblind, short-sighted
Sape, or *saip*, soap
Sar, savour or smell
Sark, a shirt
Saugh, a willow or fallow-tree
Saul, soul
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression
Sawt, salt
Scad, scald
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rains
Scart, to scratch
Scauld, scold
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock
Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another
Scowth, room, freedom
Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers. *Scroggy*, thorny
Scuds, ale; a late name given it by the benders, or drinkers
Sculdudry, lewdness
Scunner, to loath
Sell, self
Seuch, furrow, ditch
Sey, to try
Shan, pitiful, silly, poor
Sharn, cow's dung
Shaw, a wood or forest
To Shaw, to show
Shawl, shallow
Shawps, empty husks
Sheen, shining
Shellycoat, a goblin
Shiel, a shepherd's cot
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a clever wag, a *shire* lick

Shog, to wake, shake, or jog backwards and forwards
Shool, shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Shotle, a drawer
Sib, a-kin
Sic, such
Sicker, firm, secure
Sike a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer
Siller, silver
Sindle, or *sinle*, seldom
Sinsyne, since that time: lang *sinsyne*, long ago
Skail, to spill, to disperse: hence we say, "the kirk is *scailing*," for the congregation is separating
Skair, share
Skath, hurt, damage, loss
Skeigh, skittish
Skelf, shelf
Skelp, to run; used when one runs barefoot; also, a small splinter of wood: likewise, to flog the buttocks
Skiff, to move smoothly away
Skink, a kind of strong broth made of cows' hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup
Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice
Sklate, slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue slate
Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle
Skreed, a rent, a hearty drinking bout
To Skreigh, to shriek
Skybald, a tatterdemalion
Skyt, to fly out hastily
Slade, or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily
Slap, or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills; also, a breach in a wall
Slee, sly
Slerg, to bedawb or plaister

Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, "he's a *slid* loun." *Slidry*, slippery
Slippery, sleepy
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door
Slough, husk or coat
Smaik, a silly, little, pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*
Smirky, smiling
Smittle, infectious or catching
Smoor, to smother
Snack, nimble, ready, clever
Sned, to cut
Sneg, to cut; as "*sneg'd* off at the web end"
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm
Snib, to snub, check, or reprove, to correct
Snifter, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt
Snishing, or *sneishing*, snuff
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovelling slave
Snoove, to whirl round
Snotter, snot
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle
Sonsy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty
Sore, sorrel, reddish coloured
Sorn, to spunge, or hang on others for maintenance
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground
Soud, should
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping
Souming, swimming
Soup, a sup

Souter, a shoemaker
Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal soured amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument
Spae, to foretel or divine. *Spaemen*, prophets, augurs
Spain, to wean from the breast
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump
Spaul, shoulder, arm
Speel, to climb
Speer, to ask, inquire
Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept
Spill, to spoil, abuse
Spoolie, or *spulzie*, spoil, booty, plunder
Spraings, stripes of different colours
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
Sprush, spruce
Sprattled, speckled, spotted
Spung, the fob
Spunk, tinder
Stalwart, strong and valiant
Stane, stone
Stang, did sting, to sting; also sting or pole
Stank, a pool of standing water
Stark, strong, robust
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety: we say, "ne'er a *starn*"
Staw, stole
Stay, steep; as, "set a stout heart to a *stay* brae"
Steek, to shut, close
Stegh, to cram
Stend, or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace
Stent, to stretch or extend, to limit or stint
Sting, a pole, a cudgel
Stirk, a steer or bullock

Stock-and-horn, a shepherd's pipe, made by inserting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn; the mouth-piece is like that of a haut-boy
Stoit, or *stot*, to rebound or reflect
Stoken, to slake the thirst
Stoor, rough, hoarse
Stou, to cut or crop. A *stou*, a large cut or piece
Stound, a smarting pain or stitch
Stoup, a pot of tin of a certain measure. Milk *stoup*, a wooden milk-pail
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men, or horse feet. To *stour*, to run quickly
Stowth, stealth
Straitis, probably a kind of narrow kersey cloth, called *straits*. See Bailey and Miege
Strand, a gutter
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome
Streek, to stretch
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that is little
Strinkle, to sprinkle or strew
Stroot, or *strute*, stuffed full, drunk
Strunt, a pet: "to take the *strunt*," to be petted or out of humour
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy
Sturdy, giddy headed: also strong
Sture, or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing
Suddle, to sully or defile
Sumph, blockhead
Sunkan, splenetic
Sunkots, something
Swak, to throw, cast with force
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to swoon away
Swash, swollen with drink
Swatch, a pattern
Swats, small ale

Swecht, burden, weight, force
Sweer, lazy, slow, loth
Sweeties, confections
Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death
Swith, begone quickly
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that
Sybou, a small onion
Syke, a rill which is sometimes dry
Syne, afterwards, then

T

Tack, a lease
Tackel, an arrow
Taid, a toad
Taken, token
Tane, taken
Tane and tither, the one and t'other
Tangle, sea-weed
Tangs, the tongs
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff is called a *lint-tap*
Tape, to use any thing sparingly
Tappit-hen, the Scots quart-stoup
Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour
Tartan, cross-striped stuff of various colours, checkered; the Highland plaids
Tass, a little dram cup
Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Tawpy, a foolish wench
Taz, a whip or scourge
Ted, to scatter, spread
Tee, a little earth on which those who play at the gowf set their balls before they strike them off
Teen, or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow
Teet, to peep out
Tensome, the number of ten

Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious
Thack, thatch
Thae, those
Tharmes, small tripes, catgut
Theek, to thatch
Thieveless, sleeveless, wanting propriety
Thig, to beg or borrow
Thir, these
Thole, to endure, suffer
Thow, thaw
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy
Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Threep, or *threap*, to aver, allege, urge and affirm boldly
Thrimal, or *thrummil*, to press or squeeze through with difficulty
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these, "cry'd heh at ilka *thud*," i. e. gave a groan at every blow
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, "he took the *tid*"
Tift, good order, health
Till, to. *Till't*, to it
Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost
Tinsel, loss
Tip, or *tippony*, ale sold for twopence the Scots pint
Tippanizing, drinking twopenny ale
Tirle, or *tirr*, to uncover a house
Titty, sister
Tocher, portion, dowry
Tod, a fox
Tooly, to fight; a fight or quarrel
Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.: also, to empty
Tosh, tight, neat
Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed

Touse, or *touale*, to rumple, teaze
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet
Tow, a rope
Towmond, a year or twelvemonth
Tree, a cask of liquor, a nine-gallon *tree*
Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece
Trig, neat, handsome
Troke, exchange
True, to trow, trust, believe
Truf, steal
Truncher, trencher, platter
Tryst, appointment
Turs, turfs, truss
Twin, to part with, or separate from
Twitch, touch
Twinters, sheep of two years old
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
Tynd. Vide *Teen*
Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure

U & V

Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous
Virle, a ferule
Visey, to view with care
Unwhile, or *umquhile*, the late or deceased; some time ago; of old
Uneith, not easy
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed
Uuko, or *unco*, uncouth, strange
Unlusom, unlovely
Unsonsy, unlucky, ugly
Vougy, elevated, proud
Vundscht, or *wandought*, a silly, weak person

W

Wad, or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would
Wae, sorrowful
Waefu', woeful
Waff, wandering by itself
Wak, moist, wet
Wale, to pick and choose
Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large
Wame, womb, the belly
Wandought, want of dought, impotent
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace
Wanter, a man who wants a wife
War, worse
Warld, world
Warlock, wizard
Wat, or *wit*, to know
Waught, a large draught
Wean, or *wee ane*, a child
Wee, little
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed
Weer, to stop or oppose
Weir, war
Weird, fate or destiny
Weit, rain
Wersh, insipid wallowish, wanting salt
Whauk, whip, beat, flog
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat. *Whillywha*, a cheat
Whindging, whining
Whins, furze
Whisht, hush, hold your peace
Whisk, to pull out hastily
Whittle, a knife
Whop, whip
Whomilt, turned upside down

Wight, stout, clever, active; also, a man or person
Willie-wands, willow-wands
Wiltu, wilt thou
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river
Win, or *won*, to reside, dwell
Winna, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winsom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large
Wirrykow, a scarecrow or hobgoblin
Wisent, parched, dried, withered
Wistle, or *whistle*, to exchange money
Withershins, motion against the sun
Woo, or *w*, wool
Wood, mad
Woody, the gallows; for a withy was formerly used as a rope for hanging criminals
Wordy, worthy
Wow, wonderful, strange
Wreaths of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind
Wrush, washed
Wyliecoat, a jacket
Wysing, inclining. *To wyse*, to guide, to lead. *Wysing-a-jee*, guiding in a bending course
Wyson, the gullet
Wyte, to blame

Y

Yamph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready
Yealtou, yea wilt thou
Yed, to contend, wrangle
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity
Yesk, the hickup

Yett, gate
Yestreen, yesternight
Youdith, youthfulness
Youl, to yell
Yowden, wearied
Yowky, itchy
Youff, a swinging blow. *To Youff*, to bark
Yuke, the itch
Yule, Christmas

END OF VOL. XXVI.